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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

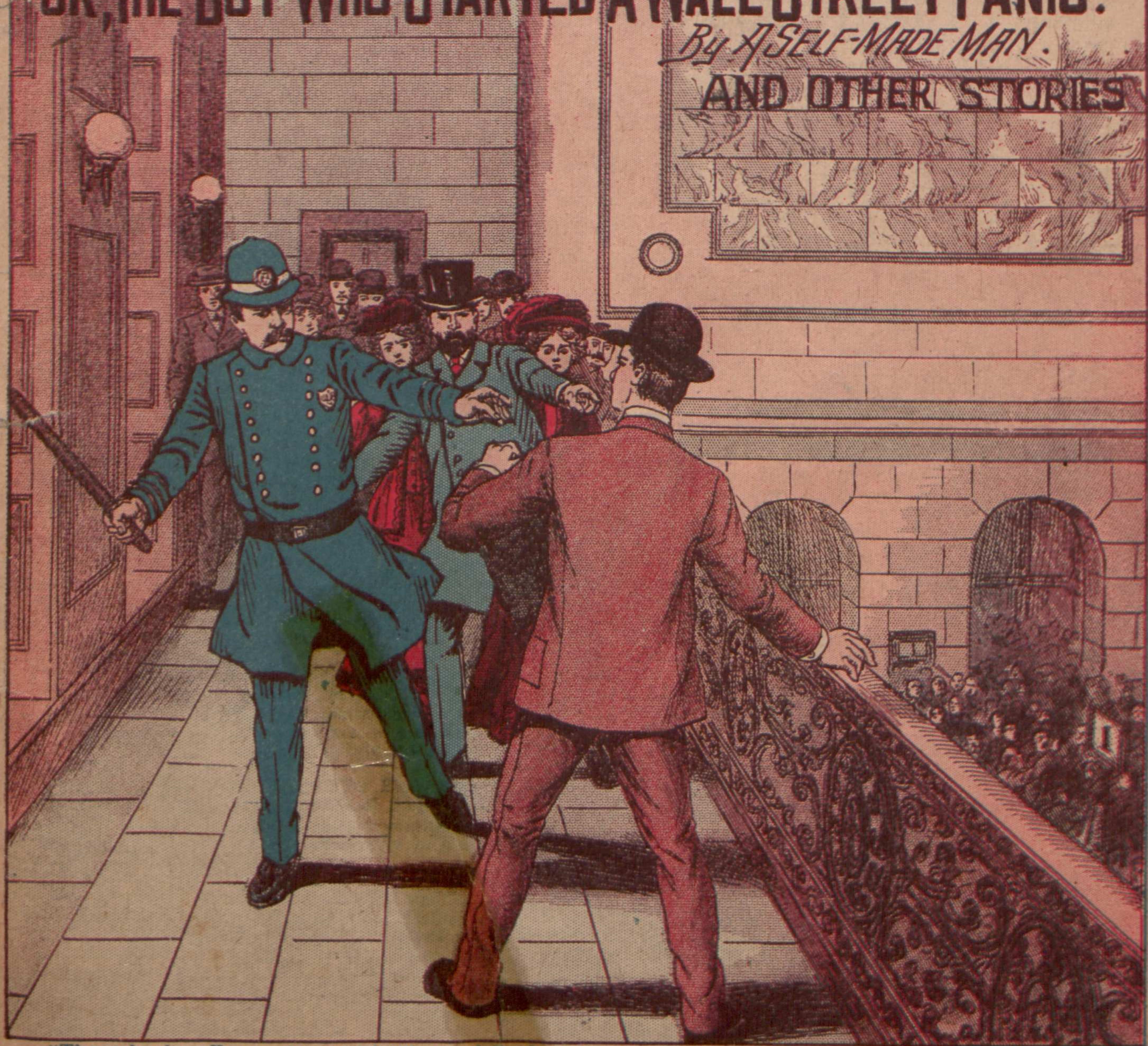
STORIES OF

BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

**NAT NOBLE, THE LITTLE BROKER;
OR THE BOY WHO STARTED A WALL STREET PANIC.**

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



"There he is, officer. Arrest him!" cried Broker Green. Nat turned and looked at them in astonishment. "Hold on there," he protested, indignantly, "what have I done?" The policeman, however, reached for him as though he was a common crook.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1917.

Price 6 Cents.

NAT NOBLE, THE LITTLE BROKER

—OR—

THE BOY WHO STARTED A WALL STREET PANIC

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

NAT NOBLE, THE LITTLE BROKER.

The tenants, chiefly brokers, of the fourth floor, Niobe Building, No. — Wall Street, noticed one morning that the vacant suite of offices on that floor had been let, for the following words appeared on the upper glass half of one of the doors:

NAT NOBLE,
Broker,

Stocks and Bonds Bought and Sold on Commission.

On the frosted glass of the adjoining door appeared, "NAT NOBLE—Private."

The traders who happened to pass that way stopped and looked at the doors with no little curiosity and some astonishment.

Most of them knew Nat Noble by sight and reputation, and one or two were personally acquainted with the boy, for boy he was.

They knew he was the nephew of Sylvester Noble, the millionaire stock broker of Exchange Place.

After graduating from high school, Nat, instead of entering college, decided to go into Wall Street and begin his business career.

He put in six months' time as messenger for his uncle, and was then promoted to the counting-room, where he spent another six months at a desk.

Then he was sent to the Exchange as assistant to his uncle's regular representative on the floor.

Up to the moment his name appeared on the doors of the suite of offices as a full-fledged broker on his own account he had spent six months buying and selling stocks for Sylvester Noble.

Almost every active member of the Exchange knew him either personally or by sight, and all of them liked him.

He was facetiously alluded to as the young dude of Wall Street, because he was uncommonly natty in his attire and gentlemanly in his manners.

The supposition among the traders was that he would eventually become a partner in his uncle's business.

Nat, however, had no intention of becoming his uncle's partner, even supposing Mr. Noble entertained such a view.

He proposed to go it alone.

He wanted to be the whole thing or nothing.

As soon as, in his own opinion, he believed he was able to branch out for himself, he went to his uncle and asked him to stake him to the tune of \$25,000 or \$50,000.

Mr. Noble tried to dissuade him from taking the bit in his mouth, suggesting that it would be more to his interest to keep on as he was doing for a year or two more.

Nat, however, objected, so the long and short of it was his uncle handed him his check for \$25,000 and told him he might as well learn a few things from experience now as at any other time, and wished him good luck.

So Nat immediately hired a suite of two rooms in the Niobe Building and had a sign painter put his name and business on the door of the reception-room.

He also hired a red-headed, aggressive-looking office boy, son of a poor widow who had once worked as laundress for his mother.

This boy's name was Andy Moore.

He was fifteen years old and a corker in his way.

His mother was very proud to have him working in Wall Street, and she told him that he must devote himself entirely to his young employer's interests.

It wasn't long before the news was all over the Street that Nat Noble was out for himself as a broker.

Most of the traders thought it was a good joke.

"His uncle is backing him, of course," said Broker Gummert to Broker Keating, when they met on the street.

"I dare say he is, but it's a wonder he would do it," replied Keating.

"Oh, he can deduct it from the boy's estate. His father left Nat \$100,000, I've heard, and Sylvester Noble is administrator under the will and guardian of the boy."

"I wonder how much he let the boy have to start out with?" said Keating.

"He must have given him quite a sum, for it takes money to operate with. Besides, he's got a tidy suite of rooms on the fourth floor of the Niobe Building, and rents are pretty steep in the big office buildings."

"On the fourth floor, eh? He's making his debut in style."

"It's right in line with him. He's the dandy boy of the Street. He always looks as if he had just stepped out of a showcase."

"That's right. He's as spruce as they come, down here. Let's go around and see him. Maybe we can unload a few shares of some stock that's hanging fire in our safes on him," chuckled Keating. "We might as well teach him a few kinks of the business to our own advantage as any one else."

"I'm with you, if he'll bite, but I rather doubt if he will. I've never noticed anything of the chump about him."

"Well, whether he'll bite or not, it is business for us to fish for a little of his fleece. All the boys will look on him as a fair mark to practice upon. Nothing like being the first in the field before he gets all his eye-teeth cut."

"I agree with you. Shall we give him a call now?" said Broker Gummert.

"Yes. I've nothing particular on hand at the present. The market is uncommonly dull of late. Nothing doing to speak of."

They started off for the Niobe Building.

Getting out of the elevator at the fourth floor they walked down the corridor till they came to Nat Noble's office.

Opening the door they walked in and saw the red-headed office boy sitting by the window reading a boy's library.

He jumped up and came forward.

"Is Nat Noble in?" asked Broker Gummett.

"Yis, sor. Do yez want to see him?"

"We do."

"What name shall I tell him, sor?"

"Tell him Mr. Gummett and Mr. Keating."

"Take sates, sors. I'll tell him."

Andy opened the door of Nat's private sanctum and disappeared.

"I suppose that's his messenger and office boy," laughed Keating. "He's got a fine brogue. It's as thick as a London fog."

Presently Andy returned and told them to walk inside.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," said Nat, in a hospitable tone. "Help yourselves to seats."

"You've got a swell office here," remarked Broker Gummett, looking around and noting the fine furniture and appointments.

"The best is always the cheapest in the long run," replied Nat.

"It's quite a surprise to us to see you out for yourself, Noble," said Keating.

"I like to surprise my friends once in a while," chuckled the boy broker.

"You have certainly done it," said Gummett. "You're the talk of the Street by this time. The boys are wondering why you cut loose from your uncle."

"I hope none of them are worried over the matter."

"No, I don't think they'll worry a whole lot," laughed Keating. "I suppose you haven't started to do any business yet?"

"Not yet. This is only my first day. I'm trying to get accustomed to my surroundings."

"Well, business is dull, anyway, otherwise we wouldn't be here at this hour of the day," remarked Gummett.

"I'm much obliged to you both for calling."

"Don't mention it, Noble," said Keating. "We thought it our duty to drop in and see that you got a good send-off. You don't want to let the first day go by without making some kind of a trade, if only for luck."

"I'm ready for a trade when I see one in sight that promises a profit."

"Perhaps I could put you in the way of such a one. I've got a thousand shares of D. & Q. I'd like to dispose of, as I'm pressed for funds. I could let you have the stock cheap," said Keating.

"D. & Q. doesn't seem to be very active just at present," replied Nat.

"None of the stocks are very active, for that matter. It's as good as any on the list to take a flyer in."

"What are you asking for it?"

"I'll take 45, seeing it's you," said Keating.

"I think that's too rich for my blood, Mr. Keating."

"It's easily worth 46."

"I'll not dispute your word, but I don't care to tie my funds up in it."

"It wouldn't hurt you to buy 1,000 shares, would it? The market will get lively in a few days, and you ought to make three or four thousand out of the deal."

"I'll consider the matter. If I decide to buy some of it I'll drop around and see you."

"I may change my mind about selling by that time, if I can raise the funds some other way. I'm offering you a good thing just to encourage you."

"Maybe Mr. Gummett might like to take advantage of your offer."

"No, I'm not buying at present. I'm selling," said Broker Gummett.

"What have you got to sell?"

"I could let you have 500 shares of O. & G. at 39. That's almost like giving it away."

"O. & G. is a drug these days. Now, if you said A. & C. I might talk business."

"Are you looking for A. & C.?" asked Gummett.

"I wouldn't mind taking a few shares of it," said Nat. "That is, if the price was right."

"I haven't any of it," said Gummett. "Got any, Keating?"

"Not a share. I don't consider it half as good as D. & Q., and it ranges much higher. If you want to give me an

order for it, Noble, I'll get it for you. How many shares do you want?"

"It's going at 54. How would you like to sell me a ten-day option on it?"

"Buying options, are you? I haven't been doing anything in that line lately. Still, I might accommodate you. For how many shares?"

"Say 3,000," replied Nat.

"I'll let you have it at 57."

"What deposit do you want?"

"Oh, five per cent. of the current value."

"I'll take you. Write out your document and I'll hand you the money," said Nat, briskly.

"Say, Noble, have you a line on A. & C. that you're willing to pay 57 for it in ten days, when you can get all you want for 54 on the Street this minute?"

"The fact of the matter is, Mr. Keating, I haven't the money to buy it at 54 to-day, but in ten days—"

"Oh, I see! But, of course, you're counting on a rise?"

"Yes, that's one of the chances I'm taking."

Broker Keating wrote out the option for 3,000 shares of A. & C. at 57, and Nat paid him five per cent. of the market value, 54, which was \$8,100.

The two traders stayed a while longer and then took their leave.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE BROKER MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF EUNICE BOND.

"What are you going to do, Keating?" asked Broker Gummett, when they were on their way to the street. "Going to buy the 3,000 shares now at 54 and hold it for delivery, or are you going to take a chance that it won't go up for some days yet, at any rate?"

"Take a chance, of course," replied Keating. "I don't see any signs of the market getting active for several days. Under such circumstances you don't suppose I'm going to tie up \$162,000 of my good money in A. & C., do you?"

"No, of course not. You can buy it in any time inside of the ten days and clear a matter of \$9,000. I think you've got the best of that deal."

"I think so myself, or I shouldn't have given him the option."

"I wish I had got something like that out of him myself."

"Then go up to-morrow and offer to sell him an option on A. & C. yourself."

"I think I will," replied Gummett, "but it's a question whether he'll take me up. The 3,000 he got from you may be all he may care to handle."

"There's no harm in trying. His fleece is as good as any one else's."

"I think it's a little better, if anything."

The two brokers then walked over to the Exchange to see how things were going there.

In the meantime, Nat was looking at Keating's option in his office.

"I guess Mr. Keating thinks he's got me where the hair is short," chuckled the little broker, "but that's where he'll be fooled. Uncle Sylvester let me in on the tip that a combination has been formed to boom A. & C., and that the stock will be up to 65 or 70 inside of ten days. I don't believe Keating will buy the 3,000 shares yet a while, even for the certainty of \$9,000 profit, because no broker cares to tie up \$160,000 odd for ten days if he can avoid it with the chance of making the profit anyway, not to speak of an additional haul if prices should happen to go down, which is always a possible contingency. If he'll only hold off long enough he may suddenly discover that the stock is cornered, and then he'll have to do some tall hustling to find 3,000 with which to meet his option."

Nat locked the option in the safe, put on his hat and went out.

He, too, went to the Exchange.

He couldn't get on the floor now, as he no longer represented his uncle, so he had to content himself with going into the visitors' gallery.

The market was slow, and there was comparatively no excitement.

Nat saw Broker Nugent circulating around among the traders, in a quiet way, occasionally making a note on his tablet and exchanging slips with a broker.

He easily judged what he was doing, for his uncle had

told him that Nugent was one of the brokers employed by the pool to buy in A. & C. shares.

After remaining something less than an hour, Nat went to lunch.

His favorite eating-house was on Broadway, an inexpensive place, patronized by clerks and the general public.

The waiters here were girls, and every one of them knew the little broker by sight, and were glad to exchange a word and a smile with him when he came in, for he was a handsome young fellow, with light, curly hair and a winning way, and he never failed to hand them a small tip.

After he had finished his lunch and was out on the street again he walked to the Consolidated Exchange and took a look in there for about a quarter of an hour.

Coming out on Broadway again, he was on his way to Wall Street when his attention was attracted by the clang of an approaching fire-engine.

The vehicles in the street began to scatter to get out of the way of the smoking steamer, with its jingling hose-cart behind.

Nat stepped to the curb and looked up the street toward the post-office.

Then he saw the engine, drawn by three splendid-looking horses, coming down at a two-forty clip, the driver leaning forward and guiding the animals with his eagle eye and muscular arms.

Clang—clang—clang!

Toot—toot—toot!

It always makes one's blood tingle to witness the onward rush of a fire-engine, with the noise and bustle that attends it on its way to a fire.

At any rate, Nat never let one get by without stopping to look at it.

He was standing only a few feet away from Wall Street.

At that moment a very pretty young girl, neatly but not expensively gowned, started to cross the street from the church.

Whether it was that she was preoccupied, or for some other reason she did not notice the engine that was rushing down on her like a small whirlwind.

A score of people saw her danger, and many voices were raised in warning.

She did not heed them, but kept right on.

The driver saw her, and clanged the gong at his feet, furiously.

He could not turn out, for an electric car was coming toward him on the track, while an express wagon pushed ahead on the other side of the car.

All he could do was to haul in on the horses and apply the brake.

The girl now woke up to her peril, but instead of springing forward, as she might have done, and saved herself, she stood still in her terror in the middle of the space through which the engine had to pass.

The engine could not be stopped in time to avoid hitting her, and the onlookers were preparing to witness a tragedy, when out from the curb flashed Nat Noble.

He picked the terrified girl almost from under the heads of the fire-horses and staggered over and fell with his burden on the car track.

There was a rush of people from the curb in front of the church as the engine darted by and kept on down toward Bowling Green.

Soon a mob of hundreds had gathered around the plucky little broker and the girl he had saved by the narrowest of margins.

Willing hands helped them both on their feet, and there was no lack of commendation for Nat, who was regarded as a hero by the crowd.

Taking the dazed girl by the arm, Nat said:

"Make way there, please, gentlemen. Make way. The excitement is all over. Nobody has been hurt. Kindly make way and let us reach the walk."

It was hard to make that mob understand that they should yield a passage for the principal actors in the incident.

Everybody wanted to catch a glimpse of the girl and her gallant rescuer.

Nat, however, succeeded in getting over to the sidewalk with the fair girl, who so far hadn't uttered a sound.

She was so white, and walked so unsteadily, that the little broker thought she was going to faint.

He managed to get her inside a big drug store and assisted her to a chair.

Outside, the doorway was blocked up by a crowd of curious faces.

The druggist came forward to see if he could be of any assistance, but his services were not required.

As soon as the young lady recovered her composure a bit she began to thank the young broker for saving her life.

"How brave you were to come to my aid! You might have been run down and killed by those horses. I hope you believe that I'm very, very grateful to you, indeed. But for you I know I must have been terribly injured, if not killed outright. I can never thank you sufficiently for what you did for me—never."

"I'm glad I was able to save you from a bad fix, Miss—may I ask your name?" said Nat.

"Bond—Eunice Bond. Will you tell me yours?"

"Certainly. My name is Nat Noble."

"I think I have seen you before, Mr. Noble," she said, hesitatingly. "Are you not employed in the Vanderpool Building with Mr. Sylvester Noble?"

"I was until last Saturday. Sylvester Noble is my uncle. I am now a broker myself, with an office in the Niobe Building, in Wall Street. Are you employed in the Vanderpool Building?"

"Not exactly. I have an office in the building."

"An office?"

"Yes. I am a public stenographer. My office is on the tenth floor. I shall be pleased to have you call any time you are in the building."

"It will give me great pleasure to do so, Miss Bond. If you are quite recovered now I will, with your permission, escort you as far as the Vanderpool."

"Thank you," replied the girl, rising from the chair.

The crowd outside had broken up by this time and they attracted no attention as they left the drug store.

Nat saw Eunice Bond as far as the Vanderpool Building and then left her, promising to call at her office in a day or two.

The little broker had met a great many nice girls, especially in the upper social circle to which he belonged, but none of them had made the impression upon him that Miss Bond did.

She was a lovely looking girl, but her chief charm lay in her eyes, which possessed a magnetic quality that attracted Nat with an irresistible force.

"She's a fine girl," he said to himself, as he continued on to his own office. "A mighty fine girl. I'm glad I was so fortunate as to be able to render her a service. I never met a girl I liked so well. I must certainly know her better."

All the way back to the Niobe Building Eunice Bond's wonderful, big, expressive eyes were before him, and he could think of nothing else but the girl whose life he had saved in so plucky a way.

CHAPTER III.

THE LITTLE BROKER CLEANS UP A BIG WAD ON A. & C.

"Siveral gentlemen were in to see you, sor," said Andy, when Nat walked into his office.

"Did they leave their names?"

"Only wan of them. He said his name was Green."

"I know him. They were brokers, I dare say. Come up to congratulate me upon my debut as a trader, and to size up my place here."

"There was a b'y here, too."

"A messenger boy?"

"Yis, sor. He brought some kind of a missage in an envelope. I put it on your disk."

"All right, Andy."

"He wor a mighty cheeky b'y, sor."

"Cheeky?"

"Yis. He called me 'Reddy.' He wanted to know whether I wasn't afeard of sittin' the bed on fire whin I put me head on the pillow. He said if he was a fire insurance agint he wouldn't issue a policy on the house where I lived without puttin' an extry hazardous clause in it about me hair. Whin he asked me if me mother had red hair, too, I got mad and tould him to git out of the office or I might forget meself and run him out."

Nat laughed heartily at the look of virtuous indignation on Andy's countenance.

"You mustn't mind these messengers, Andy. They're always on the lookout for an excuse to give another boy a roast. I was a messenger myself once and know how it is. They used to guy me a whole lot about my clothes."

They called me the little dude of Wall Street. I had to polish two or three of them off, and then they let up on me a bit."

"Ye did polish 'em off, sor, did ye?"

"Oh, yes! I had to in self-defense."

"Thin I s'pose ye won't have no objection if I should be after polishin' one or two of them off meself?"

"You mustn't look for trouble, Andy," advised Nat.

"No, sir, I don't mane to look for it; but if the b'ys don't lave me red head alone I'm thinkin' trouble will be after comin' their way, so I do."

Andy wagged his shock-head in a menacing way that boded ill for a persecutor.

Nat went into his private room, picked up the note and read it.

It was from his uncle, and commissioned him to go around among the offices in Wall Street and buy as many shares of D. & G. as he could get, as quietly as possible.

All deliveries were to be made C. O. D. at the Bank of South America.

Nat started out at once to try and get the stock.

He visited all the brokers' offices on that floor first, but found none of the stock.

He got 2,000 shares on the floor below, and then began the tour of the second floor at Broker Hooker Green's office.

"Hello, Noble!" said Green. "Take a seat. I was up at your den a little while ago with some of the boys, who were anxious to see how you were getting on, now that you have started out for yourself. Done anything yet?"

"Not much. I have an order for a few shares of D. & G. Got any?"

"I've got a block of 5,000. It can't be divided."

"How much are you asking for it?"

"Eighty-one."

"I'll give you 80 5-8."

"Make it seven-eighths and you can have it."

"It's a go," said Nat, hauling out his memorandum pad. "Deliver it C. O. D. at the Bank of South America."

"All right," said Green, and they exchanged papers. "I suppose your uncle is backing you, Noble?" asked the trader, curiously.

"No, sir. Whatever money is behind me is my own, not my uncle's."

"That so? Everybody believes that your uncle is backing you."

"I'm not responsible for what everybody believes."

"That's true enough. By the way, where did you get that office boy you have?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's rather different from the usual run of boys down here."

"That won't hurt him any. I can thoroughly depend on him, and that's the kind of office boy I want."

"He's got a mighty rich brogue. Is he a late importation?"

"He is rather new to the country."

"The other boys are likely to make life strenuous for him when he gets out on the street."

"I'm thinking the boot will be on the other leg if they get funny with him. He's as strong as a young bull, and I'd back him to make things interesting for any lad of his size who tackles him. Well, I've got to be getting on. Drop up and see me, Mr. Green, when you've nothing better on hand."

"I will," replied the broker, turning to his desk.

Nat then canvassed the rest of the floor and got 3,000 more shares of D. & G.

By noon next day he had bought 40,000 shares for his uncle, and his commission amounted to \$5,000, which was a pretty tidy sum for him to earn in so short a time.

The market continued dull for the rest of the week, though A. & C. went up one point.

Nat had managed to buy 5,000 shares of the stock on margin at 54 1-2, but that was all he was able to secure.

"If Keating hasn't bought in those 3,000 shares to cover his option, it's my opinion he's going to be out and injured before many days go by, but that's his funeral, not mine," said Nat to himself.

On Monday morning the market woke up, when a well-known broker came on the floor of the Exchange and began bidding for A. & C.

Nobody seemed to have any for sale, and the price began to boom.

Keating had been out late the night before and didn't reach his office till half-past eleven.

He was feeling kind of rocky as it was.

The cashier went in to call his attention to the market, which was going up, and particularly to A. & C.

"You'd better go out and buy those 3,000 shares you sold Noble the option on," he said, respectfully.

"Why? Has he called for the stock?"

"No, but there seems to be a boom on in it. I looked at the ticker a moment ago and noticed that it has gone up four points this morning."

"Four points! The dickens you say!" cried Keating, in some consternation, turning to his own private indicator and grabbing the tape.

He soon saw that there was something doing in the stock, without a doubt.

Quotations were coming out rapidly, and at that moment the price was up to 59 1-2, which represented a loss to him on the option of \$7,500, for he was bound to deliver the stock to Nat at 57.

He got his hat on pretty quickly and rushed over to the Exchange.

By the time he had sized up the situation, A. & C. was ruling at 60.

He made strenuous efforts to get the stock he wanted, but there was none coming out, whereupon he realized that he had been caught by a corner.

Gummett met him on the floor.

"Haven't you got those shares yet that you sold Noble at 57?" he asked.

"Not a share," replied Keating, with a mild imprecation. "That young rascal must have been tipped off about what was going to happen, that's why he was so eager to buy that option from me. I was a fool not to have gone right out and bought the stock when I could have got it at 45. Did you sell him an option, too, as you thought about doing?"

"I'm thankful to say that I didn't. I haven't been near him since that afternoon. I had other fish to fry," replied Gummett.

"You're lucky. There doesn't seem to be any doubt but that A. & C. has been cornered by a combine, and that option may cost me a pretty penny before I'm through with it. I hate to be euchred by a boy."

"It is rather annoying, but you'll have to take your medicine, I'm afraid, and try and get back at him later on."

"It's my opinion that his uncle tipped him off to this rise. Sylvester Noble is always in some pool or another for bulging the market."

"I wouldn't be surprised but that is where he got his information. It would be quite natural for the old man to want to boost his nephew to the front."

"Well, I must make another effort to get those shares. I see 62 is already being offered for it."

Keating got 1,000 shares during a lull, at 66.

The other 2,000 he had to pay 69 for.

He then sent Nat notice that he was ready to deliver the stock.

As the option had two days more to run, the little broker was in no hurry to call for the shares, especially as his uncle had told him that the price would probably go to 75.

Nat watched the market closely from the visitors' gallery, and when A. & C. got as high as 73 he ordered his 5,000 shares sold.

That gave him a profit of about \$90,000.

He then went around to see his uncle.

"I want to borrow \$150,000 from you, Uncle Sylvester," he said.

"The deuce you do. Are you in trouble already?"

"No. I bought an option on 3,000 shares of A. & C. at 57, the other day, and I want to take it up and sell the shares."

"Who from?"

Nat told him.

His uncle laughed.

"So you've caught that old war-horse, eh?"

"Looks like it. The joke of the thing is he thought he was going to catch some of my fleece. The stock was ruling at 54 when I made the deal with him, and he probably could have picked up the shares at that figure then if he had wanted to and made a good profit independent of what I'll make. But as the market was pretty slow last week, I've got money to bet that he didn't buy until the stock started to rise yesterday. And then, it's dollars to dough-nuts, he found the shares as scarce as hen's teeth."

His uncle laughed again.

"How much longer has the option to run?"

"Another day."

"Let me see, the price is about 75 now. You'll make a good thing out of that option. Is that all the use you made out of my tip?"

"No, sir. I bought 5,000 shares at 54 1-2 and have just sold it at 73. That'll give me a profit of \$90,000."

"You're doing pretty well for a beginner. Well, I'll give you my check for the money you want. Sell the stock as soon as it's in your hands."

"That's what I mean to do, sir," replied Nat.

He got the check, carried it around to the Bank of South America and cashed it, and then he called on Keating for the stock.

"This is the time you got me where the hair is short," said the trader, grimly, as Nat handed him the balance due, \$162,900, and took the shares.

"That is your fault, not mine. You were obliged to sell me that option."

"That's right. Next time I'll know better when I'm dealing with you, young man."

"Well, don't let us have any hard feelings over it," said Nat. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you sell the shares for me. That will give you a commission of \$375. I'd sooner give it to you under the circumstances than any one else."

"All right," replied Keating. "You're acting square enough. You can't blame me for feeling sore because I'm out about \$33,000 on the deal."

"You've been long enough in the business to learn that you can't win all the time, Mr. Keating," replied Nat, rising to take his leave.

Keating sold the shares for him that afternoon at 74, and Nat made a profit on his option deal of something over \$50,000.

Thus, inside of ten days, Nat Noble had increased his small capital of \$25,000, which came out of his share of his father's estate, to \$170,000.

If the natty little broker felt as if he needed a larger size hat to accommodate his curly head, the reader will probably not be surprised.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LITTLE BROKER IS THE VICTIM OF A SCURVY TRICK.

Next day, Nat went around to call on Eunice Bond at her office on the tenth floor of the Vanderpool Building.

He found her up to her eyes in business, with four girls helping her out.

They were all good-looking girls, too, and they sized the little broker up as a dude, and wondered what business he had with Miss Bond.

They noticed that she greeted him with great cordiality and seemed very glad to see him.

In spite of Nat's dudish appearance, his good looks made a great impression on the four girls in the room, and they were continually glancing in his direction while he remained there.

There wasn't any doubt but every one of the girls would have given something for an introduction to him.

They didn't get it, however.

"Well, I'm awfully glad to see you, Mr. Noble," said Eunice.

"Not more so than I am to see you, Miss Bond. I'm afraid you've occupied a good share of my thoughts since I made your acquaintance in such a strenuous way."

Nat's eyes said even more than his tongue, so that the girl dropped hers to her desk, while a vivid blush suffused her cheeks.

"You are very kind to think of poor me," replied Eunice, in a low tone, without looking up.

"Don't mention it. I'd give a whole lot to know whether you thought of me since that day."

"Why, of course, I've thought of you. How could I help doing so, after what you did for me?"

"I regard that afternoon as my lucky day," said Nat.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I consider myself lucky in making your acquaintance."

"I suppose I may accept that as a compliment," she replied, flashing a sidelong glance at him that set his heart beating like a trip-hammer.

"I don't believe it would be possible for me to compliment you as much as you deserve," answered the little broker, gallantly.

"Dear me! I'm afraid you're a great flatterer," she said blushingly, but, nevertheless, secretly pleased at his words.

"Not at all. I mean every word I said. I hope you will permit me to know you better, as I like you very much, indeed."

"I shall be glad to see you whenever you care to call here, Mr. Noble," replied Eunice, not looking at him.

"Thank you, Miss Bond. That's kind of you. I regard your friendship as a precious favor, and I trust it may not be broken."

"I don't think there is any danger of that on my part. I should be an ungrateful girl if I ever forgot what I owe you," she answered, earnestly. "Mother is also very grateful to you for saving my life. I am sure she would be glad for a chance to thank you in person."

"Oh, I don't want to be thanked any more. If you will allow me to be your friend it is all the reward I ask. It would give me great pleasure to meet your mother, of course. Any day she comes down to your office you can notify me and I'll come right over. Here is my business card."

"My mother goes out very seldom, as she is something of an invalid. If you would care to call at our home we should be delighted to have you do so."

That was an invitation Nat had been angling for, and accepted it right off the reel, assuring Miss Bond that he would be glad to call.

"Then I will give you our address," she said, writing it down on a slip of paper and handing it to him.

"Thank you," said the little broker, folding it up and placing it as carefully in his vest-pocket as if it were a million-dollar banknote. "What evening would be most convenient for me to come up?"

"Most any evening, though I would prefer if you could let me know beforehand so that my mother could be prepared to meet you."

"How will Friday evening of this week do?" asked Nat, eagerly.

Friday evening was quite satisfactory to Miss Bond, and she said she would look for him on that night.

Nat then wished her good-by and returned to his office.

Andy said nobody had been in while his young employer had been away, and Nat passed on in to his private room.

He had hardly seated himself in his chair before Andy entered and said that Mr. Green wished to see him.

"Send him in, Andy."

Broker Green entered the room.

"Say, Noble, got any money lying around loose that you don't want for, say, a week?"

"I have a few dollars that are not very busy just at present, Mr. Green. Why?"

"I'd like to borrow \$50,000, if you can spare that amount."

"How much are you willing to pay for the use of it for a week, and what collateral have you to put up?"

Green stated what he was willing to pay for the money, and said he would put up 2,000 shares of Midland Central, the market value of which was 42.

"Fetch up your stock and I'll let you have the money," replied Nat. "Return in about twenty minutes. I haven't so much money on the premises. I'll have to go out for it."

"All right," replied Green. "Much obliged for the accommodation. I'll be back in about half an hour."

Nat went to the Washington Safe Deposit Co.'s vaults, a few doors away, where he kept his funds, got \$50,000 out of his box and returned with it to the office.

Green returned within the stipulated time, and he brought an oblong envelope with him, containing the security he had offered to hypothecate.

Nat looked the stock over carefully, and finding that it was all right, he handed the broker the money.

That formality done with, the broker took his leave.

Next morning the market took on a bad slump.

All stocks went down in value, Midland Central dropping to 32.

Next day the bears continued to slaughter prices, and Midland Central suffered a further decline of 28 by noon.

Nat sent a note to Green, by Andy, stating that he must have a larger margin of security, or, under the ruling of the Exchange, he might have to sell the Midland Central shares in order to protect himself.

Green came up and told Nat that he had no other security to offer.

"Don't sell the stock if it goes to 25. I'll return you the \$50,000 at the appointed time and take back the shares."

"All right," replied Nat; "I'll take your word for it."

That night being Friday, he kept his appointment to call on Eunice Bond at her home.

She received him in her prettiest gown, and Nat thought she looked more charming than ever.

She and her mother, together with a younger brother and sister, lived in a modest but comfortable flat in Harlem, not far from 125th Street.

The little broker found Mrs. Bond a motherly looking woman of perhaps forty-five, afflicted with chronic rheumatism.

She was very gracious to Nat, thanking him in a feeling way for having saved her daughter, Eunice, from being run down by the fire-engine.

The boy spent a very pleasant evening, and received a warm invitation to call soon again, which he promised to do.

Next morning the market continued weak, and Midland Central closed at noon at 28.

On Monday things looked a little better, and prices were improved all along the line until near closing time, when a fresh slump set in.

Nat discovered that a determined effort was being made against Midland Central by a big clique.

However, as long as he had Broker Green's word that he would take up the loan at the end of the seven days he felt that he had no cause to worry about the value of his security.

The money was due at three o'clock on Wednesday, at which time Midland Central was down to 20.

Green, instead of showing up, sent word to Nat that he was unable to pay up, and advised the boy to sell the stock before it went any lower.

"I think that's pretty cool," thought the little broker. "He told me not to sell the stock even it got down to 25, as he would make everything all right; now when the price has dropped to 20 he advises me to sell to protect myself, but says nothing about reimbursing me for any loss I might suffer. I guess I'll have to go downstairs and refresh his memory."

So Nat put on his hat and visited Mr. Green in his office.

"I received a note from you, Mr. Green, which I don't quite understand," he said, when he was seated beside the trader.

"Didn't I write it plainly enough?" asked the broker.

"You wrote it plainly enough, but I don't understand it, for all that."

"So you came downstairs to be enlightened, eh?"

"That's about the size of it, sir."

"Well, tell me what you don't understand about the note."

"The note advises me to sell the Midland Central shares which I hold as security for the loan of \$50,000 I made you a week ago."

The broker nodded.

"I suppose you are aware that M. C. is selling to-day at 20."

"I am."

"That's five points below the figure that would cancel your debt."

"You should have sold before the price got so low."

"You forget that when I called on you for additional margin you told me not to sell even if the price of M. C. went as low as 25."

"I told you that?" replied Green, with a well-simulated surprise. "You must be dreaming!"

"Do you mean to tell me that you didn't say so in my office?" cried Nat, indignantly.

"Never said such a thing. I simply told you that I could not put up any more security, and I expected that you would dispose of the stock to secure yourself. The rules allow you to sell the security for a loan whenever it is necessary to do in order to protect your right. You ought to know the custom of the Street."

"When a broker personally requests me not to take advantage of the rules and at the same time gives me his word to make the matter all right, I respect his wishes."

"But I didn't tell you any such thing."

"You insist on that, do you, Mr. Green?"

"Most certainly."

"Then you wish me to sell M. C. at 20, or whatever it will be in the morning?"

"I don't care what you do with it. It's your property now, as I am obliged to default in my payment of the loan."

"If I sell at 20 that will show a loss of something more than \$10,000. I suppose you mean to make good that amount in order to square your debt?"

"No, sir; I intend to make good nothing. You should have sold M. C. in time to recoup yourself."

"Then you mean that I am to suffer the loss?"

"It isn't my fault if you didn't protect yourself as you had a right to do at the proper time."

"All right, Mr. Green, I won't argue the matter further," replied Nat, rising with some dignity. "If you ever need a loan in the future don't call on me to help you out. I can't afford to do business with any man whose word is so flexible as yours appears to be. Good afternoon!"

Thus speaking, the little broker walked out of his office and returned to his own.

CHAPTER V.

THE LITTLE BROKER GETS A TIP FROM EUNICE BOND.

However the news got out it was impossible to say, but it was soon known through Wall Street that Nat Noble had caught a well-known broker on an option to the tune of \$50,000, and had also cleaned up \$100,000 in the late A. & C. boom.

The result was the little broker was congratulated on all sides, both by his real friends who wished him well and by those who pretended to be his friends, but hoped to strip him of some of his newly made fleece at the first opportunity.

As Nat was a genial and interesting boy to talk to, many brokers got the habit of dropping in at his office when they had an hour or so to spare.

Nearly all of his visitors had an axe to grind, and they hoped to make Nat turn the handle—that is, they had blocks of more or less worthless or slow-selling securities they wanted to get rid of, and they tried to unload their holdings on the little broker.

Nat, however, wasn't biting at such bait.

He was acquainted with the real value of all the stocks on the market and nobody could fool him worth a cent.

The traders soon found out that he was not an easy mark, but they did not give up hope of catching him off his guard some time.

Nat said nothing to any one, not even his uncle, about the shabby trick Broker Green had played upon him.

He might have made things warm for the trader if he had had a mind to, but he decided to take his revenge some other way.

He hoped to get back at Green in a legitimate way some time, and was willing to bide his time, even if it took years.

In the meantime, he avoided contact with the faithless trader.

He placed the 2,000 shares of Midland Central away in his safe and let them lie there, trusting to luck that the value of the stock would pick up after the bears and the adverse conditions surrounding the road let up a bit.

Broker Green expected that Nat would accuse him of trickery, and had prepared a stout defense to meet the attack; but as days went by and he heard nothing about the matter, he was somewhat surprised, though nevertheless pleased, at his immunity from criticism.

He judged that Nat, realizing that he could not prove anything against him, had let the matter go by default and stood his loss like a little man.

After a while Green began to feel ashamed of his conduct but as the deed could not be recalled, even if he wished to do so, he dismissed the affair from his mind.

One morning when Nat was sitting alone in his office a messenger boy came into the outer room and asked for him.

He was a little, fat messenger, about fourteen years old, and looked like a kind of animated plum pudding.

He had a comical face that tickled Andy Moore's risibilities.

"So it's Mister Noble ye want to see, is it?" he asked the boy.

"That's what," grinned the messenger.

"What do you want to see him about?"

"That's my business," replied the visitor, in a saucy tone.

"Faith, it's mighty independent ye are for a little apple dumplin'."

"Who are you calling an apple dumpling, you red-headed Mick?"

"Red-headed Mick, is it? cried Andy, waxing wroth. "If ye wasn't such a hop-o'-me-thumb I'd make ye ate your words, so I would!"

"Aw, forget it," grinned the messenger. "Say, why don't you dye your hair green?"

"Dye me hair green!" roared Andy, angrily.

"Sure! With that green necktie you have on, it's red above the green, which is against the law for an Irish kid."

"I s'pose ye think that's funny," replied Andy, with a look of disgust.

"Are you going to tell your boss I want to see him?"

"What's your name and where do ye come from?"

"My name is Clarence Fitzherbert Montmorency Scott, and I came from Miss Eunice Bond's typewriter factory. Catch on?"

"Howly smoke! Clarence Fitz—what?"

"Not Fitzwaht, but Fitzherbert. Sorry I haven't got a card, but I'm all out at present. Come now, mosey! I can't stay here all day."

"Well, upon me word, it's foolin' me I think ye are! Take a sate and I'll till Mr. Noble ye are wantin' to see him."

"Where'll I take it to?" asked the messenger.

"Whot's that?"

"I ain't saying anything. You're doing all the talking," grinned the boy.

"Faith, I think you're doin' your share, considerin' the size of ye."

"Aw, get a move on—23 for you!"

"It's to be hoped ye won't be after comin' here often, for I might forget meself and take ye for a football."

With those words, Andy knocked on the door of Nat's sanctum.

"Come in!" said the little broker.

"There's a b'y outside, wid a name a yard long, says he wants to see ye, sor," said Andy, respectfully, after entering.

"What do you mean by a name a yard long, Andy?" asked Nat, somewhat mystified.

"Sure it's that long that I can't remimber it all, sir. It's Clarence Fitzsomebody Mont—the Ould B'y shoot me if I can think of the rist," said Andy, scratching his red shock-head.

"Send him in."

"Yis, sor."

In another moment the messenger entered the room.

"A note from Miss Eunice Bond," said the lad, laying it on the little broker's desk.

"Are you Miss Bond's messenger?" asked Nat, stifling a smile at the lad's rotund appearance.

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Clarence Scott."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"My boy, Andy, said your name was a yard long. He tried to tell me that it was Clarence Fitzsomething Mont, and said he couldn't remember the rest of it."

The small messenger grinned.

"I was just stringing him, sir, because he called me an apple dumpling."

"You mustn't mind Andy," smiled Nat, opening the note.

It ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Noble—I've just found out that the O. & B. Railroad has acquired control of the R. & P. line, known as the Huckleberry Road. My information indicates that the stock of the latter road will increase in value very shortly. Thinking the tip may be of service to you, it gives me great pleasure to send it to you. Hoping that you may be able to make something out of it, I remain,

"Yours, very sincerely, EUNICE BOND."

Nat wondered how the girl had gotten hold of the pointer, which appeared to be a valuable one.

He was delighted to think that she took interest enough in him to send him word about it.

He had read in the papers a good deal about the negotiations which were said to be under way by the O. & B. to acquire control of the R. & P., but nothing definite so far had come out about the matter.

According to Eunice's note, the deal was now an established fact, and if it really was so, Nat knew that the stock of the R. & P., which had been in the dumps for some time, was bound to go up with a rush.

It was selling now around 40, but it might be considered a certainty of going above 50 if the O. & B. people got possession of the line.

At any rate, Nat thought the tip a good one.

He dashed off a note of thanks to Miss Bond, enclosed it in an envelope and handed it to Clarence Scott to carry back.

"Ta-ta, Andy," said the fat messenger, as he crossed the

reception-room to the corridor door. "Don't forget to have your block dyed, and if I was you I'd get that brogue of yours filed down, or hire yourself out as a barber for a dime museum on the Bowery."

"Be me sowl, I think it's a foine freak ye'd make yourself for a museum! Sure, ye don't nade to take th eilevator. All ye nade do is to roll down and ye'll reach the strate quicker."

The last sentence was lost in the slam of the door as Clarence passed outside.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LITTLE BROKER GOES INTO R. & P.

Nat put on his hat and went over to see his uncle.

"Say, Uncle Sylvester, there's a good deal in the papers off and on about the O. & B. line getting control of the R. & P. Do you think it will go through?"

"I have an idea that it may."

"It would send the price of the R. & P. up ten or fifteen points, don't you think?"

"I think there's no doubt about that."

"Have you bought any R. & P. at the present figures in anticipation of the deal going through?"

"No, because I don't think the matter will eventuate for some time yet."

"What makes you think it won't?"

"The people who control the R. & P. at present are not eager to step down and out. I have that from good authority."

"But the road isn't paying as an independent line."

"The chief stockholders are wealthy men and can afford to do without dividends. They are probably satisfied as long as the road can meet its interest charges and running expenses. That isn't the only road that isn't paying dividends on its stock."

"I've got money to bet that the O. & B. will be operating the R. & P. inside of thirty days," replied Nat, confidently.

"Somebody been giving you a tip?" asked his uncle, eyeing him sharply.

"Yes."

"How did you come to get it?"

"That's a secret, Uncle Sylvester."

"Look out, young man, that there isn't a job behind the pointer. You're known to have made a good deal of money out of A. & C. There are many brokers who would be glad to help you spend a portion of it. From a business standpoint, every man's hand is against his brother in Wall Street. You've got to keep your eyes wide open and your wits about you all the time to avoid trouble."

"Do you know anybody who has any R. & P. for sale?"

"No, I don't," replied his uncle, shortly.

"You don't take much stock in my tip, I see."

"It looks suspicioius to me."

"All right, uncle. I guess I'll be going," said Nat, rising and making for the door.

"Don't forget, young man, that there is more than one broker who is trying to size up your little pile with a view of getting legal possession of it if he can. You're young at the game and the boys look on you as a fair mark for their shrewdness. I don't want to hear that you've been taken in on R. & P. or any other stock on the list."

"You've been taken in yourself more than once," replied Nat, from the door.

"That's true enough. For that very reason I warn you to be careful. Don't let your recent success run away with your judgment. Don't fool yourself with the idea that because you fooled Keating, you're as smart as any man down here. When an old stager like Keating slips up on a deal it ought to be a lesson to you to be twice as careful as you ever were before. I've known people to be so busy setting a trap for another man's pile that they didn't see the traps spread by others for themselves, and the first thing they knew they got a jolt that took all the enthusiasm out of them."

"I'll admit there's a whole lot of truth in that, uncle; but, nevertheless, I expect to make several millions in Wall Street if I live long enough."

Sylvester Noble grunted as he turned to his desk, and Nat closed the door and left the office.

He then went upstairs and interviewed Eunice about the tip.

"I can't tell you how I got hold of it, Mr. Noble," she

said, "but you may rely on it as a sure thing. I wouldn't have sent it to you if I had any doubt about it being a fact."

"Haven't you a little money to back it with yourself?" he asked her.

"I wish I could afford to," she said, earnestly.

"Well, if I use the pointer I'll give you five per cent. of any profit I make out of it. You're entitled to some recognition if the tip proves to be all you represent it."

"Thank you, Mr. Noble; but I don't ask you to pay me for it. You saved my life and I want to make you some return for that great favor."

"That's all right, Miss Eunice, but I wouldn't think of reaping benefit from a tip you sent me without making some fitting acknowledgment in return."

"Well," she answered, with an arch glance in his face, "I suppose I cannot refuse if you insist on presenting me with something, but I'd rather have you use the tip without giving me any compensation."

"We won't quarrel over it, Miss Eunice. We won't say anything more until we see if we hatch any chickens out. Then it will be time to consider the matter."

After a little further talk on other subjects, Nat returned to his office.

There was a letter awaiting him which had been delivered by the carrier.

It was from a man who had seen his advertisement in one of the financial papers.

He wanted some information about the market, and as to the advisability of taking a flyer at that time.

Nat wrote him a reply, and had just put a stamp on the envelope, when a visitor was announced by Andy.

It proved to be Broker Gummett.

"Well, how are things coming with you, Noble?" he asked, after taking a seat.

"I have no complaint to make."

"I should think not," replied the trader. "I understand you made quite a tidy wad out of A. & C."

"I made a few dollars, but this is ancient history now."

"Just so. Do you smoke?" asked the broker, tendering him his cigar-case.

"No, I do not. Much obliged just the same."

"Nor drink, either, I suppose?"

"No, sir. I don't think it's good for boys, nor for men, either, for that matter."

"Just the same, there are few brokers who don't drink, more or less. You see, the excitement of the Exchange is often racking on a man's nerves, and he feels in need of a bracer to steady himself after the day's hustle."

"I don't believe a man up to thirty-five or forty needs stimulants to carry him through a day's campaign unless he isn't naturally vigorous, and a weak man ought to go into some less exciting business."

"You won't find many of the boys who'll agree with you. Morrison—you know him—takes on an average a dozen mint juleps a day, and he's barely thirty. He told me that he couldn't do business unless he was primed up."

"He's foolish. It's a habit with him. I'll bet he'll be a wreck, both financially and physically, one of these days."

"Well, to change the subject, are you buying anything?"

"I'm open for offers in R. & P. shares. Got any?"

"Yes. A customer left a couple of thousand with me this afternoon. I'll let you have them at 40 1-8."

"How does 40 strike you?" asked Nat.

"If you'll take the bunch you can have the stock for 40."

"It's a go, Mr. Gummett. I'll bring the cash around in the morning and relieve you of the certificates."

"All right," said the broker, as they exchanged memorandums, in a tone of satisfaction, for R. & P. was not a very active stock. "Do you want any more of the same? If you do I know where I can get it."

"If you'll buy me 10,000 shares on margin I'll make the deal," said Nat.

"Ten thousand!" said Gummett, with a whistle. "Trying to corner the stock?" he added, with a laugh.

"Hardly; but I can use that number of shares."

Gummett wondered if Nat was buying the stock for himself or a customer.

He guessed the 2,000 were for himself, and the larger number for a customer, as it appeared to him to be two different deals, seeing that Nat was buying one lot outright and the other on margin.

It also indicated that the little broker did not have enough cash to handle the 10,000 shares himself.

Nat promised to bring the margin of \$40,000 around in the morning, with the 80,000 for the 2,000 shares.

This was perfectly satisfactory to Broker Gummett, and the deal was put through.

Next morning Nat appeared promptly on time at Mr. Gummett's office, and paid him the money, receiving the certificates for the 2,000 shares.

Broker Gummett then went out to get the 10,000 shares, which he anticipated getting as easy as rolling off a log.

After picking up the first 3,000 from Keating, who he knew had the shares, he found, much to his surprise, that R. & P. was rather scarce.

He got the balance, however, by one o'clock, and then notified Nat that he held the shares subject to his order.

In the meantime, Nat was hunting for some more himself, but the best he could do was 2,000, at 41.

That confirmed his confidence in the value of Eunice's tip, for it was only a week before that R. & P. could be gotten in any quantity, and its scarceness showed that unknown parties had been buying up the stock right and left.

That afternoon after the Exchange closed he called on Miss Bond and told her he had put almost every cent he had in R. & P.

"Leaving out the 14,000 shares I now control, it looks as if the people wise to the consolidation of the O. & B. and R. & P. interests have bought up all the stock in sight. I stand to win a big boodle this trip or go pretty near broke."

"Oh, you'll win," she said, confidently.

"Well, if I win, Miss Eunice, you'll come pretty near clearing \$10,000 yourself."

"Ten thousand dollars!" almost gasped the girl. "Why, that is a fortune!"

"Not in Wall Street. But I guess it will put you on Easy Street if it comes your way, and it will give me great pleasure to hand it to you."

Eunice couldn't realize that she stood a chance of making so much money.

"You'll get it, all right, if the tip is a winner," said Nat, wishing her good-by.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LITTLE BROKER CLEARS OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION ON R. & P.

As soon as Gummett had filled Nat's order he decided that, from the scarceness of the stock, it was being cornered by some pool of traders with the view to a boom, consequently he thought it would be good policy to get some himself.

He had been compelled to hypothecate the 10,000 shares he got for Nat, as the deal involved a matter of \$400,000, and he did not have that much money on tap.

He spent the whole of the next day looking for R. & P., and only succeeded in securing 1,500 shares, for which he had to pay 41 5-8.

Then he tried to get it on the Exchange, offering 42.

He got 500 more at 42 3-8, and that seemed to be all there was in sight.

The efforts of several other brokers to get some of it sent the price to 44 before the Exchange closed for the day.

Next morning it opened at 44 3-8, and by noon offers of 46 brought very little of the stock to the surface.

It was now generally known in the Street that the stock had been withdrawn from circulation, and considerable excitement ensued around the R. & P. standard.

All sorts of rumors were afloat to account for its scarceness, opinion being divided as to whether the long-talked-of consolidation had gone through, or a combine had been formed to boom the price by cornering the shares.

At any rate, there was a larger demand for the stock than there had been in months, and it went up to 48 that day.

Now that the price had gone up eight points, in a few days, the brokers began to scramble for it, and that sent it up still higher.

Broker Green had several orders for it from his customers, which he couldn't fill, and he mentioned the fact to Gummett over at the Exchange.

"I can tell you who has some of the stock. At any rate, he had 2,000 shares a few days ago."

"Who?" asked Green.

"Nat Noble, the little broker in your building."

"Huh!" snorted Green.

"Better call on him. If he has the stock yet you may be able to make terms with him."

Green, however, knew better than to call on the little broker after what had passed between them.

But as he wanted the stock badly, he induced another

broker to go to Nat's office and see if he could get any of it. The boy was in when he called.

"Well, sor, what name shall I take in to Mr. Noble?" asked Andy.

"Tell him Mr. Gunn."

"Take a sate, Mr. Gunn, and I'll tell him thot ye want to say him."

Broker Gunn was admitted.

"I understand that you have some shares of R. & P. stock," said the trader, after he had introduced himself.

"Who told you that I had some of it?" asked the little broker.

Mr. Gunn was puzzled how to answer this question, as Mr. Green had cautioned him not to mention his name.

"I don't remember who did tell me. Somebody over at the Exchange," he replied, exasively.

"Well, I've got a few shares," said Nat. "What are you offering for it?"

"What do you want for it, and how much have you for sale?"

"I'll sell 2,000 shares at 60," replied the boy.

"At 60? Why, the market price a few minutes ago was a fraction above 48! Why do you ask 60?"

"Because I expect to get that for it in a few days."

"You do? I never remember seeing R. & P. much above 50, even in its best days, and that was years ago."

"Well, you're liable to see it up to 60, and even over, before many days."

"What do you base your idea on?" almost sneered Broker Gunn.

"The fact that the stock is very scarce, for one thing," replied Nat.

"Humph! I guess we can't trade at any such preposterous figure as you want."

"All right, Mr. Gunn. There is no harm done. You might call on Mr. Gummett and see if he has any of the stock. I don't know that he has any, but it is possible that he may have."

"Mr. French would loike to say ye, sor," said Andy, poking his head into the room.

"Tell him to come in," and Mr. French presently appeared.

"I hear you have some R. & P. stock, Noble," he said.

"He has some," interjected Gunn, "but he wants a prohibitive price for it."

"What are you asking, Noble?" asked Broker French.

"Sixty."

French whistled.

"You're joking, aren't you?" he said.

"No, sir. Sixty is my price."

"You've got a pretty good nerve, I must say."

"Nerve is a good thing to have."

"A person can have too much of it sometimes."

"Think so, Mr. French?"

"I do. Permit me to say that you do not seem to be overburdened with modesty. Why in thunder are you asking more than a ten-point advance on the market price?"

"Mr. Gunn, who wants to buy some of the same stock, asked me the same question just now."

"What answer did you give him?"

"I told him I expected to get 60 in a few days."

"I'm afraid your expectations will not materialize."

"I'm willing to take my chances on it."

"And I'm willing you should, Noble," laughed French.

"I'm not paying more than 50 for that stock."

"If you get it at 50 you'll get a good thing. I'd advise you to freeze on to every share that comes your way at that figure."

"You talk as if you were a member of a pool that was booming it," said French. "Has anybody been tipping you off about R. & P.?"

"You don't expect me to answer that question, do you, Mr. French?" said Nat.

The broker laughed and, locking arms with Mr. Gunn, the two traders walked out of the boy's office.

"It's my opinion they'll have a healthy time finding any R. & P. at 50," said Nat to himself. "Under the present condition of the market people who have any of that stock are likely to hold on to it. That's what I'm going to do. It may not go to 60, after all, but I've a pretty shrewd notion that it will get within hailing distance of it, at any rate."

Next morning R. & P. opened at 52.

A few shares came out at that figure, and were gobbled up quicker than a flash of Jersey lightning.

It was evident that the holders of nine-tenths of the stock were not eager to sell out.

By noon 56 was being offered for the stock, without any great result.

Nat dropped in to see his uncle that afternoon.

"Well, Uncle Sylvester, what do you think of R. & P.?"

"I think it's being boomed by a clique."

"That's where you're wrong."

"How do you know I'm wrong?" asked his uncle, sharply.

"That tip I got on it indicated something different."

"What did it indicate?" asked the big broker, curiously.

"The taking over of the road by the O. & B."

"No such announcement has been made as yet."

"It will be before long."

"Did you buy any of the stock?"

"I put all the money I had on it. I bought 2,000 shares outright at 40; 10,000 more on margin at the same price, and 2,000 additional at 41. At the present market price I'm over \$200,000 ahead of the game. I guess I'm doing pretty well for a new broker," he said, complacently.

Sylvester Noble regarded his nephew with surprise and interest.

The boy was certainly making things hum.

"You seem to be making a record for yourself, young man; but you'll not be out of the wood until you've sold your shares. How high do you expect the stock to go?"

"I mean to hold on for 60."

"It's 56 5-8 now," said Sylvester Noble, looking at the tape at his elbow. "I suppose you wouldn't let me have a couple of thousand of your shares for 57?"

"You suppose wrong, uncle. If you want 2,000 shares you can have them at 56 5-8, the market price."

"No, I'll give you 57."

"The stock is yours. I'll send the certificates over by my boy."

Sylvester Noble wrote out and handed Nat his check for \$114,000, which gave the little broker a profit on that bunch of \$34,000.

Nat stopped in at the Exchange on his way back just in time to hear the official announcement of the taking over of the R. & P. road by the O. & B. system.

In five minutes the price was up to 60.

At that figure Nat ordered his other block of 2,000 shares, which he was holding on margin, to be disposed of, which added \$37,500 more to his profits.

An hour before the Exchange closed R. & P. had reached 62.

As Nat saw that a whole lot of stock was coming out now which would have a tendency to depress the price, he hurried over to Mr. Gummett's office and told that broker to get rid of his 10,000 shares in small lots at the market.

Before the chairman's gavel closed the Exchange at three o'clock, Nat was out of the race with a profit, all told, of \$278,000 on the deal.

Five per cent. of this amount, or \$13,900, he set aside for Eunice Bond, as her share of the transaction.

Then he figured up his total capital at \$434,000 in round numbers.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LITTLE BROKER GETS A TIP THAT PROVES TO BE A TRAP.

As soon as he had effected a settlement with Mr. Gummett and his other broker, Nat took his statements and the sum of \$13,900 in cash to Eunice Bond's office to show her the result of his deal made on the strength of her tip.

When he handed her the money to which she was entitled by the terms he had made with her, she could hardly believe her eyes.

She felt just as if she had come into an unexpected legacy.

"I really don't know how to thank you, Mr. Noble, for this generosity on your part. It really seems like too much money for you to give me."

"Too much, Miss Eunice? Why, it is only five per cent. of my own winnings! Just consider that I have made nineteen times as much as you. At any rate, I'm satisfied, so I think you ought to be."

"I am more than satisfied, and I am awfully obliged to you."

"You're not half as much obliged to me as I am to you. If you hadn't sent me that tip I shouldn't have been able to make over a quarter of a million, as I have just done."

"And you have actually made as much as that?" she cried, regarding him as if he were a veritable money king.

"After deducting your five per cent. and all commissions and interest charges, I have cleared just \$264,000. That's \$14,000 more than a quarter of a million."

"I'm awfully glad," she replied, in a tone that showed she meant it.

"Well, I'd be more glad if I thought the time would ever come when you would have a half interest in all I made," he said, boldly.

Eunice blushed scarlet at what was equivalent almost to a proposal.

"Is there any chance of that ever happening, Eunice?" he said, for the first time omitting the "Miss."

The girl turned away in evident embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon," said Nat, feeling as if he had put his foot in it. "I haven't offended you, have I?" he added, earnestly.

"No," she replied, softly, after a moment's pause.

"May—may I hope?" he said, taking her hand.

She did not answer, but at the same time she did not withdraw her hand, and that encouraged him.

He was about to press his advantage when the door opened and the four typewriters, who had been out to lunch together, came trooping into the office.

Eunice hastily snatched her hand away from him and began arranging some work on her desk in a confused and aimless fashion.

"May I call on you Sunday evening?" he asked her.

"Yes," she replied, with a glance which entranced him.

He then bade her good-by and walked out.

"I'll win her yet," he said to himself, as he started for the elevator. "I wouldn't lose her for a gold mine. No, not for all the gold mines of Nevada."

Nat was feeling pretty good when he entered his office.

He was rather surprised, however, at the sight that met his eyes.

On the floor lay a big A. D. T. messenger, and on top of him roosted Andy, as mad as a March hare.

"Now, thin, are ye goin' to ate your words?" roared Andy. "If ye don't I'll bate the Ould Boy's tattoo on your face, so I will. Am I a red-headed Mick?"

"No," groaned the boy on the floor.

"Am I a gingleton?"

"Yes, yes."

"Thin whot do ye mane by callin' me out of me name?"

"It was only fun."

"Only fun, is it? Will ye do it ag'in?"

"No."

"Ye are sure of that?"

"Yes. Let me up."

"Ye are sure ye can't lick me with one hand—nor two, aither, for that matter—are ye?"

"Yes."

"What's the trouble, Andy?" asked Nat, repressing a smile. "Let the boy up."

"Yis, sor," and Andy dismounted from the messenger's chest. "He insulted me, sor, and I forgot meself and gave him a lambastin'."

The district messenger looked confused and sheepish.

Andy picked up a yellow envelope that lay on the floor and handed it to Nat.

"Thot's for ye, sor. This b'y brought it, and if he'd behaved himself, sor, there would have been no trouble. He insulted me and the ould dart, and I forgot meself. I hope ye won't discharge me, sor, for takin' the law into me own hands."

"Take your seat, Andy, and you can explain later," said Nat.

The little broker opened the envelope and read the message.

It ran thus:

"Dear Henry—The name of the stock that will be boomed by the syndicate is D. & H. Load up without delay, as the pool has brokers out buying it up on the quiet. Get it at once, as to-morrow may be too late.

"Yours,

F. F."

Nat was astonished at the contents of the note.

Evidently it was not intended for him.

He turned the envelope over and looked at the superscription.

It was plainly addressed to "Nat Noble, Broker, Niobe Building."

A moment's reflection convinced the little broker that it was a case of mixed notes.

"F. F." had probably written two notes, one of which, Nat argued, was intended for him, and then after addressing the two envelopes had put each of the notes into the wrong one and sent them off.

"This note isn't intended for me, though it came in an envelope addressed to me," he said to the messenger. "Who gave it to you to bring here?"

"A broker by the name of French," replied the boy.

"Frank French. I know him. Well, you'll have to take it back to him and tell him the note meant for me must have gone to the person for whom this note is intended. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wait a moment. I'll enclose it in one of my envelopes with the explanation."

Nat wrote a few words on a pad and enclosed it with the envelope and contents in one of his envelopes and handed it to the boy, who went off with it.

"It seems I've accidentally got hold of a good tip not meant for my eyes. Of course, it wouldn't be fair for me to take advantage of the circumstances, although I dare say there are people who would use it on the principle that all's fair in Wall Street. However, I'm not built that way."

He then dismissed the matter from his mind.

He expected to receive a hurried visit from Trader French, but the broker did not call.

In an hour or so he noticed that D. & H. was advancing slowly in price.

By two o'clock that day it had gone up three points.

Nat made no attempt to buy any of the stock, but sat in his office, reading the financial news in the latest Wall Street journals.

At quarter past three a visitor was announced by Andy.

He gave his name as Titus Waterbury, and was a stranger to the little broker.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Waterbury?" asked Nat.

"I've got 5,000 shares of stock I'd like to sell," said the caller.

"What is the name of the stock?"

"Delaware & Hudson. It's gone up three points, and I'd like to dispose of it. It was left to me a few months ago by my uncle. I'm going out to Chicago by the seven o'clock train. If you would take it off my hands I'd sell it for 60, that's one point below the market."

"I don't care to buy the stock outright. I'll sell it for you to-morrow, and remit the money to you. Or, if you'll leave it with me and return in an hour I'll see if I can dispose of it to some broker."

"Why can't you buy it in yourself and make the one per cent.? It's good stock and may go higher to-morrow."

"No," replied Nat, "I'm not buying any stock outright at present."

The man looked disappointed.

"If you won't take it," he said, "I'll have to visit another broker."

"Well, you are the doctor," replied the boy.

Accordingly, the visitor got up and said good day and left.

Nat thought he'd go over and see his uncle on a little matter of business, so he put on his hat and went out.

As he stepped out of the elevator and made for the entrance of the building he saw his late visitor standing in the vestibule talking to Broker French.

"Wouldn't he buy the stock?" he heard French say, as he brushed past them.

"No. He offered to sell it for me."

"Didn't he show any eagerness at all about the matter?"

"Not a bit."

That's all Nat heard, and it set him to thinking.

It began to look to him as if French had sent Mr. Waterbury to his office for the purpose of selling him the 5,000 shares of D. & H.

"Why should he do that?"

Why, indeed, unless there was some kind of a trap back of it?

Then he thought about the note that had come to him by an apparent mistake, and which contained a tip about D. & H.

Was the whole matter a put-up job to unload the D. & H. shares on him at the advanced price?

It looked very like it to Nat.

So much so, in fact, that he told the circumstance to his uncle when he reached his office.

"It was a trap," said Sylvester Noble, unhesitatingly.

"The price of D. & H. was no doubt advanced by sundry wash sales at the Exchange, and then French sent the 5,000

shares to you by that man, thinking that the tip he had previously got to your notice would cause you to snap the stock up. It was a shrewd game, but it seems it didn't work out the way that French expected. You'll find D. & H. will be back to 58 in the morning. This is only a sample of what you may expect to be up against. The boys are looking for your bank account, and it's up to you to protect yourself. There are tricks worked down here that would make the sleight-of-hand of Bret Harte's 'Heathen Chinee' look like thirty cents."

Nat said he guessed his uncle was right, and they had a quiet laugh over Broker French's failure to make the riffle.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LITTLE BROKER TRIES HIS HAND AT A TRAP HIMSELF.

Next morning, just as Sylvester Noble had said, D. & H. was back at about 58.

Nat chuckled when he saw the quotation on his ticker.

"It's the wise child that knows when not to bite at a tempting bait," he said to himself. "I wonder what game will be played on me next? I must keep my brains about me all the time. It's bad enough to lose in the ordinary way, but a fellow feels cheap when he's the victim of a put-up job."

Half an hour later Broker Keating was announced by Andy.

"Good morning, Mr. Keating," said Nat, cheerfully. "What can I do for you?"

"I called to let you in on a good thing," said the trader, as he seated himself at the little broker's desk.

"Let me in on a good thing? That's an uncommonly liberal proposition, isn't it, Mr. Keating?"

"Well, you see, you're kind of popular in the Street. At any rate, the bunch that's in with me like you a whole lot, and when this pool was proposed Mr. Gummett suggested that we take you in with us."

"Mr. Gummett said that?"

"Yes."

"What's the proposition?"

"A dozen of us have arranged to put in a quarter of a million apiece and corner a certain stock. We expect to make at least half a million each out of the rise."

"What is the stock?"

"Oh, come, now, you don't expect me to tell you that until you've agreed to go in."

"I'd like to know what I'm up against before I commit myself."

"That's all right. You can take my word that it's a winner. There's big money in it, as I said."

"A quarter of a million is a whole lot of coin to put up on a game of chance."

"The chances are all in our favor."

"How do you know they are?"

"We've figured the matter out before we decided to go on."

"Who's in this pool?"

"Well, there's Gummett, for one."

"Yes."

"French for another. You know Frank French?"

"Oh, yes, I know him."

"Then Archie Gunn is with us. And Fosdick, Bailey, and—well, you'll meet them all at the meeting at my office this afternoon if you join us. They're all good fellows; and all, like yourself, after the mighty dollar. Shall I put you down for a quarter of a million?"

"No, I don't think I'll go in."

"Why not?"

"I'm rather shy of blind pools."

"Nonsense! This is the chance of your life, Noble."

"I'm not sure about that. When I go into a deal, especially if it's a heavy one, I like to handle my own money."

"In a pool arrangement one man is selected to take charge of the money. You ought to know that. Your uncle must have given you some insight into pools, for he's been in many a one."

"He always advised me to keep out of them unless I knew just where I was at."

"But I assure you this is perfectly safe."

"It is impossible for any one to say that a pool to corner a stock is perfectly safe. There are a hundred things liable to turn up to upset the best of calculations. I prefer to go it alone."

"If you turn the boys down you may not get another chance like this in a hurry. You'll find this is just like picking up money."

Nat, however, would not fall in with Keating's views, and the broker left, evidently much disappointed.

"Keating seemed terribly anxious to put half a million in my pocket," said Nat to himself, when alone. "I don't fancy such liberality on his part. He's got it in for me for doing him up on that option on A. & C. some time ago. I'll bet this proposition of his covers some nice little trap to make me part with some of my hard-earned fleece. I wonder what his game was?"

A day or two later Nat discovered from the visitors' gallery of the Exchange that Keating and Frank were busily engaged in buying from different traders on the floor.

He watched them for some time, and then he made up his mind to find out just what stock they were after.

He sent a young broker he was on good terms with to find out for him.

The broker came back after a little while and told him that Keating and French were loading up with L. & M.

"Thanks," replied the little broker, "that's all I wanted to know."

L. & M. was ruling around 63.

Nat went to his uncle and told him that he wanted to get 30,000 shares of L. & M. if he could on a ten per cent. margin.

"Thirty thousand shares, eh?"

"Yes. Keating and French are buying in whole blocks of it, and I want to get as much of it as I can to put a kink in their efforts to corner it, for that, in my opinion, is what they are trying to do."

His uncle took the order and sent a couple of his brokers out to get the shares, at the same time notifying the broker who represented him on the Exchange to buy it in on the quiet.

After Sylvester Noble had gotten 20,000 shares his brokers began to find it difficult to locate any more.

They finally succeeded in getting the other 10,000 inside of a couple of days.

The first few thousand shares Nat got for about 63, but the rest he had to pay various prices for up to 67.

Altogether, the stock averaged the little broker 65.

As soon as Nat got his order filled he began to watch the stock closely.

On the following day it went to 68.

He soon heard rumors of a consolidation of a rival road with L. & M.

As soon as the news got circulated around the Street many brokers started to look for the stock.

They couldn't find any.

They then began bidding for it above the market and that sent the price up to 70 in no time at all.

Attention now being attracted to the scarceness of the stock, the traders began to suspect that a syndicate had cornered it, and they made frantic efforts to find some of the stock that had not yet been secured by the insiders.

Very little was to be had even when the price went up to 75.

When Nat dropped in to see his uncle that afternoon the old man asked him when he was going to sell.

"I'm in no hurry," replied Nat, confidently.

"You stand to win \$300,000 now. Isn't that enough for you?"

"It will be worth more to-morrow."

"How do you know that it will? The bottom may drop out before then."

"I'm not afraid that it will."

"I'm afraid you're getting reckless, young man," said his uncle, severely. "If you're calculating on holding on for the last dollar you're liable to come out at the small end of the horn."

"Don't you worry about me, Uncle Sylvester," replied the little broker, coolly.

"Well, it's up to you. Don't say I haven't warned you. That report about a consolidation is a fake. As soon as it is officially denied the price will drop."

"Keating and French won't let it drop, for they and their crowd are loaded up to their necks with the stock. They've got it cornered, in their opinion, but I'm going to make them take in my shares or go to the wall."

"I see what your game is, but look out that you don't catch yourself. It takes an old bird to get rid of so much stock without disturbing the market."

"Well, you're an old bird, aren't you? I'll let you get rid of it for me when I give the word."

"You're mighty complimentary, you young dog," chuckled Sylvester Noble. "However, I'll take my revenge on you when we settle up commissions and interest charges. I'll have a bill again you that will make your eyes bulge."

"Yes, I expect so," laughed Nat.

When business closed that day L. & M. was ruling at 78.

On his way back to the office he met Keating and French coming out of the Exchange arm in arm, looking like men thoroughly satisfied with themselves and the world in general.

"Hello, Noble," said Keating; "you missed the chance of your life, as I told you you would, by not going in with us."

"That so?"

"Yes. You're just half a million out because you were too cautious."

"I think it pays a person to be cautious when he's asked to put a quarter of a million into a blind pool."

"That's all right, but caution can be carried too far."

"Well, I'm not kicking."

"That's because you don't realize what you've lost. In a few days we'll be cutting a nice, large and juicy melon."

"I may be cutting a small melon of my own about the same time," returned Nat.

"What are you in on?" asked French, curiously.

"I'm not saying anything just now," laughed the little broker, as he walked off.

CHAPTER X.

THE LITTLE BROKER SPRINGS HIS TRAP AND CATCHES HIS GAME.

Next morning Nat passed Keating and French outside the Exchange.

"It will go to 85 to-day," he heard Keating say.

Nat knew he meant L. & M.

"I think it will do better than that," said French. "There's very little offering now. I guess we've got about all there is on the market."

The little broker grinned and went on to the visitors' gallery.

The Exchange opened amid considerable excitement, for everybody was looking for a further rise in L. & M.

They were not disappointed.

Keating took the center of the stage and began bidding it up a point at a time.

Scarcely any shares were thrown at him.

French and their lieutenants made many wash sales with Keating, and the price continued to advance.

At noon he was roosting at 85.

When it reached 86 Nat thought it was time for him to take a hand in the game.

He went to the telephone and told his uncle to sell two blocks of 5,000 shares each one after the other.

They were naturally offered to Keating first, as he was calling for the stock.

He gobbled up the first 5,000 as a matter of course, but the second, coming right on top of it, rather staggered him.

He bought it, however, and no more coming, he felt easier.

He had to send French out to raise the funds to pay for the shares, as all their available cash was tied up with the stock they had already bought.

Nat saw Keating making for the street for a breathing spell, so he rushed downstairs to meet him.

"Well, how are things coming, Mr. Keating?" he asked him, when he caught him on the sidewalk outside.

"Tip-top," replied the trader.

"Glad to hear it. I'm doing pretty well myself. I sold two blocks of L. & M. just now, 10,000 shares in all, for 86, which I bought around 65."

"The dickens you did!" cried Keating, staring at him.

"Yes. I hear you're buying it as fast you can. Do you want some more? I have 10,000 more if you want it, otherwise I'll throw it on the market."

"For heaven's sake, don't do that! I'll take it," cried Keating, all of a sweat.

The deal was made.

"Where did you get 20,000 shares of L. & M.?" asked the broker, as soon as they had exchanged memorandums.

"Oh, I picked them up around town," replied Nat, coolly.

"I expect to make half a million or more out of the stock."

"Somebody must have tipped you off to the rise. I'd give \$10,000 to know who it was," said Keating, clearly angry and disturbed.

"Nobody tipped me off. I found out myself that you and French were buying all you could get hold of, so I thought I'd have a look-in on a good thing, too."

Keating said something that didn't sound exactly polite.

At that moment French came up, and Keating turned to him and led him aside.

Nat walked down as far as Beaver Street in a leisurely way, feeling uncommonly good, for he had cleared a profit of considerably over \$400,000 so far, and he still had 10,000 shares to sell.

When he got back to the Exchange Keating, French and their lieutenants had arranged to liquidate right away as cautiously as possible, for they were in a tight box, and it required great skill on their part to unload without disturbing the market.

The little broker sent a note to Keating telling him he had a few more shares of L. & M. left, and he could have them if he wanted them, otherwise it would be offered to anybody that wanted to buy.

Keating rushed outside to see Nat, for he couldn't afford to let any L. & M. be dumped on the market at that stage of the game.

"I thought you sold me all you had," growled the trader as soon as he came up to Nat.

"No. I have some more."

"How much more?"

"Ten thousand shares."

"Ten thousand what?" roared Keating.

"L. & M."

"I don't believe you!" scowled the trader.

"Don't you? Sorry you doubt my word. Do you want the shares, or don't you?"

Keating fairly gasped and trembled like an aspen leaf.

"My heaven! I can't take it in. If you throw it on the market you'll ruin the syndicate."

"That isn't my fault," replied Nat.

"Can't I arrange with you to hold off for a while till we unload enough to pay you?"

"Well, I don't want to bring on a panic and force you to the wall. Take the stock and I'll give you time to pay for it."

"You haven't any more up your sleeve?" asked Keating, suspiciously.

"No. That's all I've got. I'll let you have it at 87."

"I'll take it under your agreement."

The deal was made and Keating, looking like a wreck, rushed back to consult with French.

They were not feeling very grateful to Nat, though the little broker could have swamped them if he had chosen to do so.

By careful management they might be able to save themselves now, but the bulk of their anticipated profits had been gobbled up by the boy broker, and they were furious at the way he had outwitted them.

Nat returned to the visitors' gallery and watched the excitement below.

Knowing the bad shape Keating and his crowd were in he was afraid a slump might set in any minute.

No such thing happened, however, for the astute brokers played their cards so well that they succeeded in unloading their stock so quietly that the price held well.

The Exchange finally closed without any trouble, and then Nat went to his uncle's office to tell him how he had managed his deal.

"You're a bird, young man. How much will you be worth when you've made a settlement through me with Keating and his bunch?"

"Something over a million, uncle."

"Upon my word, if you keep on at this rate you'll be worth more than me!"

"I shouldn't be surprised," returned Nat, coolly.

"You'll have to order a new hat, I'm thinking."

"What for?"

"To fit your head. It looks to me as if it was swelling considerably."

"Don't you believe it. My head will never grow any bigger than it is now."

"I'm not so sure about that. You're putting on more frills than I ever saw you do before."

"You must be getting near-sighted. Better get a new pair of glasses."

"Do you know who you're talking to, young man?" said Sylvester Noble, sharply.

"I'm talking to my Uncle Sylvester, who doesn't seem to appreciate what a smart nephew he has at his elbow," chuckled Nat.

"Humph! Don't imagine because fortune has made you a millionaire so soon that you will always be one. You may get a jolt when you're not looking for it that'll take all the conceit out of you. If you weren't my brother's son—"

"Well, why don't you go on, Uncle Sylvester?"

"I'd like to see you taught a lesson."

"Thanks. I guess I'll be going. Settle with Keating and his crowd on the terms I made with them, and then send me your statement and check. Ta-ta, till I see you again."

Nat walked out of the office as though he owned it, and his uncle looked after him disapprovingly.

"Some fine day he'll get into a bunch of trouble, and then I suppose I'll have to help him out. He thinks that he knows it all. That's the effect of being too confoundedly fortunate all at once. Still, I must admit he's smart. Yes, he's smart, and will in the end make his mark. But he's got a lot to learn. He'll find out by experience that even the shrewdest men in Wall Street sometimes run against snags. So he's a millionaire to-day. I never expected to see him that for years. Let us hope he may be lucky enough to keep it and add to it; but I'm afraid success will make him do something foolish. He's in the humor for that now, I can see. A million is a lot of money, but it can be lost in an hour in Wall Street."

CHAPTER XI.

THE LITTLE BROKER FINDS THAT HE IS CAUGHT IN A TRAP HIMSELF.

The Keating and French crowd carried their deal through to a fairly successful issue, but the roast Nat had given them cut so deep into their profits that they did not feel very charitably disposed toward the little broker.

Keating, who acted as cashier for the pool, settled with Sylvester Noble for the shares he had purchased from Nat, and then the members of the combine divided up what profit was left and closed their business relations.

One and all, before they separated, after their final meeting, registered a vow to get square on Nat Noble.

"He must have collared several hundred thousand dollars of our good money," said Keating. "We must get some of that away from him in the near future."

"I'd give a good deal to get even with him," said Broker Green, who was one of the late pool. "If I can think of any good scheme you can gamble on it that I'll put it through."

The day that Nat received his uncle's statement and check closing up the L. & M. matter, he called on Eunice and told her about his good luck.

"I'm worth a full million and something over, Eunice," he said. "Aren't you glad?"

He called her Eunice now, because on the previous Sunday evening, when he called at her home, he had taken advantage of the chance to press the question that was uppermost in his mind as to whether he might hope that some day she would become very near and dear to him, and she had given a favorable answer.

"Of course I'm glad, Nat," she said. "Shouldn't I be?"

"I thought you should," he replied. "I'm trying to make money as much for your sake as for my own, for I expect some day to acquire the right to spend it on you."

As the typewriters were present, and cast interested glances full of significance in their direction, they had to be cautious in their attitude toward each other.

The girls all envied their employer, for Nat's frequent visits to the office left no doubt in their minds but that he was sweet on Miss Bond, and while they were not aware what a fine catch he was, financially speaking, they all recognized his good looks and gentlemanly address, and were more than half in love with him themselves.

After talking a while with Eunice, Nat took his leave and started back to his own office.

Nat was gradually getting a number of out-of-town customers who had come to him through his advertisement in the financial journals.

This encouraged him to believe that in the course of time he would have business worth attending to.

About three weeks after the L. & M. deal a broker named

Glenn, whom he knew, came into his office one morning and had a chat with him.

Among other things he casually mentioned that D. & L. was a good stock that would bear watching.

"I like it so well that I'm going to buy a few thousand shares on the chance that it will rise before many days," he said. "The road is instituting improvements that will add to its earning capacity, and its securities are bound to rise in the market and stay up."

That afternoon a lady came into the office and asked Nat what he would charge to sell 1,000 shares of D. & L.

He told her.

"How long will it take you to sell it?"

"Oh, not very long. It's a very good stock and always commands a ready sale."

"Very well, I'll bring it down to-morrow or next day."

She had been gone only a little while when a broker whom Nat knew by sight called to ask him if he had any D. & L. shares.

"No, I haven't got a share, but a lady was in here a little while ago who has 1,000 shares that she's going to bring down for me to sell for her."

"Well, I'll drop in again to-morrow afternoon about the stock, if I don't pick up all I want between this time and then. I've already been to a score of brokers and can't find a share. Seems to be getting scarce, for some reason."

Mr. Gummert called just as Nat was getting ready to go home and asked him if he had any of D. & L.

"No, sir. You're the second person who has been in here to-day looking for it."

"It's a good stock to be long in," said Gummert, confidentially. "If I had the cash I'd load up with it at once, but it takes about all my spare coin to handle my business these days."

Two brokers he met on the street next morning also spoke well of D. & L.

The lady turned up about eleven in the morning with the 1,000 shares, and Nat bought it of her, paying her \$52,000.

He decided that he would hold on to the stock for a few days to see how things panned out.

When he went out he inquired in several offices if they had any of it on hand, but couldn't find any.

He wondered if the stock was really getting scarce, and made additional inquiries for it.

During the day he saw Broker Gummert and spoke to him about the stock.

"Yes, it seems to be scarce," replied Gummert.

"Looks as if it was being bought up, doesn't it?" said Nat.

"Somewhat that way."

"I should like to get 10,000 shares if I could," said Nat.

"Give me your order and I'll see if I can get them," said Gummert.

Nat gave him the order, raising it to 15,000 shares, or any part thereof.

Half an hour afterward D. & L. suddenly got active on the Exchange and rose to 55.

He received word from Gummert soon after that he couldn't get the stock much under 56, and was asked for instructions.

Nat sent him word to buy at 56.

An hour later the stock was up to 58.

Gummert met Nat on the street.

"I was only able to get you 5,000 shares at 55 7-8. It is up to 58 now. You will have to pay that or more for it if you want the balance of your order filled."

"Well, buy it at 58 or 58 1-2."

In due time Gummert notified Nat that he had secured 5,000 at 58 1-8 and 5,000 at 58 1-2.

He added that he knew where he could get him another 5,000 at the latter price if he bought right away.

Nat sent him word to gather it in.

The stock closed that day at 58 3-4.

Next morning Nat was notified by Gummert that he had bought the other 5,000 shares, and that he now held 20,000 shares subject to his order.

Nat watched the ticker and saw that the price had dropped to 57 1-2.

Broker Gunn came in about this time and asked the little broker if he had any D. & L.

"I've got some, but I'm holding on to it."

"Do you know where I can get any?" asked Gunn. "It seems to be scarce."

"No. I haven't the least idea."

"Looks as if somebody was trying to corner the stock," said Gunn.

"It will take a lot of money to corner D. & L. successfully, as I understand there were over 100,000 shares sold to the public."

"You forget that it pays a dividend of four per cent. annually on the common stock. Its par value is 50, and its price is always a little above that. Therefore, a good deal of it is held by trust companies and others, and will not come on the market."

Shortly after Broker Gunn left, Gummert came in and told Nat that he had heard that Green, in that building, had some D. & L.

"I haven't been able to see him this morning and couldn't say for certain that he has any, but you might drop in and see him about the matter if you want any more."

"I don't care to do business with Mr. Green," replied Nat, shortly.

"No?" replied Gummert, in apparent surprise. "Had a falling-out with him?"

"Well, we don't speak as we pass by," returned the little broker, grimly.

Gummert laughed.

"Have you got all the D. & L. you want, or shall I drop in on Green and get what he has, if he has any?"

"You can do so. But I see the price has fallen off this morning."

"Yes. Guess it will go up again."

"Don't give Green more than 57 1-2."

"All right," and Gummert retired.

Gummert returned in fifteen minutes, saying that he had seen Green and that he had 10,000 shares which he was willing to let go at 57 1-2.

"Take them," replied Nat.

The deal was made.

When Nat next looked at the ticker he saw that 6,000 shares had been sold at the Exchange for 57 7-8.

"I guess it's going up again. I've got 31,000 shares now and ought to make a good thing out of them."

On coming from lunch he saw with some consternation that D. & L. had suddenly gone down to 52 3-8.

This meant a loss of \$150,000 to him, unless things improved.

Nat rushed around to Gummert's and put up additional margin.

When he got back to the office Andy walked into his private room.

"I want to tell ye somethin' I heard, sor," he said.

"What is it, Andy?" asked Nat.

"I went into one of them cafes in Broad Street, sor, and I saw Mister Gummert, and Mister Gunn, and Mister Grane, and Mister French, and Mister Keatin' all laughin' and talkin' together, sor."

"Well, what about it?"

"They was laughin' and talkin' about ye, sor," said the boy, earnestly.

"About me, eh?"

"Yis, sor. I heard Mister Frinch say that they had ye where the hair was short at last."

"Indeed!" replied Nat, greatly interested and somewhat disturbed.

"Yis, sor. Mister Grane said he had unloaded ten thousand shares on ye at some figure that I don't remember."

"Mr. Green said that, did he?"

"Yis, sor. And Mister Keating said he was sorry that he hadn't been able to sell ye more than 5,000 through Mister Gummert."

"Mr. Keating said that?"

"Yis, sor. And Mister Frinch said he was sorry, too, that he had only pushed 5,000 on ye."

"By George! This is interesting!" ejaculated Nat.

"And it seems Mister Gunn and Mister Gummert had sold ye 5,000 aich thimselves. Thin some woman had started the ball rollin' by sellin' ye 1,000 shares outright at the market. I thought I'd tell ye this, sor, for it looked suspicious to me the way they were callin' ye insultin' names, such as lobster, and aisy mark, and so on."

"I'm much obliged to you, Andy, for telling me what you have."

"There's some more yet, sor."

"Well?"

"They said they had control of the stock, the name of which they didn't mention, and that they were goin' to squeeze ye good by forein' the price down to nixt dure to nothin'."

"Who said that?"

"Mister Grane, sor."

"Is that all, Andy?"

"Yis, sor."

"All right. You may go."

It was certainly startling news for Nat to find he was caught in a trap himself, and that Mr. Gummert, who was acting for him, was one of the conspirators.

"No wonder D. & L. went back to its usual price," thought the little broker. "I've been hoodwinked into the idea that there was a pool behind the stock engaged in trying to corner it and send the price up. Those chaps have been ringing in wash sales on me to make a fictitious advance in order to lead me on. Well, they've done it, all right. Now it's up to me to get out at the least loss I can. If those chaps knew I had over a million at my back when they started in they would no doubt have tried to unload twice as much stock on me in order to make sure of crippling me. I guess, as the case stands, I can meet any further call for margins made on me. No matter how low they may be able to force it down they won't be able to keep it down long enough to beat me. I wish I knew some way of turning the tables on them. I could do it by calling on Uncle Sylvester, but I don't want to let him know I've been caught in such a trap. He'd give me the laugh, for he's as good as told me I was sure to get it in the neck before long. No, he mustn't know about the hole I'm in. I must get out of it without any assistance from him."

Nat began to figure the situation out.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LITTLE BROKER SECURES UNEXPECTED BACKING.

"Let me see," said Nat to himself, "I've got something like \$300,000 up on margin on those 30,000 shares. If the Keating crowd can force it as low as 40 I'll have to put up \$300,000 more to save myself. That, with the \$52,000 I paid that lady who opened the scheme will stand me in \$650,000. I will then have \$450,000 to meet a further call for margins. The price will have to go below 25 to put me on the ragged edge, and the stock is too good to take any such tumble as that, so I am fairly safe. However, I stand to lose the difference between 52 or so and 58 in the end. That will be \$150,000. I don't mind that half as much as the idea that those slick roosters have managed to put me in the hole. I wish I had a few millions at my disposal. You can gamble on it I'd make them sick before I got through with them. In order to force the price down they'll have to sell a whole lot of the stock short. Now, if I had the cash to meet their game by buying as fast as they offered the stock I could hold the price until I had frightened them into drawing off. Then I could keep right on and pull the market up so that they would have to cover their sales at a loss. That would be a fine revenge; but, unfortunately, I haven't the coin to carry such a scheme through. I think I'll go over and see Uncle Sylvester, outline the plans of these foxy gentlemen, and suggest that he get up a bull pool to beat them. He needn't know that I'm in a hole at all. It will be a good chance for him and his friends to make a big wad of money at the expense of the Keating and French crowd."

Accordingly, Nat put on his hat and ran over to his uncle's office.

"I've got a tip for you, Uncle Sylvester," he said, as soon as he seated himself alongside his relative's desk.

"A tip, eh? What is it?"

Nat immediately told him about the plans of the Keating and French crowd.

"How did you find out they are going to sell D. & L. short in order to bear the price?" asked his uncle, with all the caution of an experienced operator.

"Oh, I found it out," nodded Nat, confidently. "And it's a sure pointer."

"Your word is all right in its way, but I'd like to have a little better evidence before I could think of taking advantage of your information. If what you say is true it will take a few millions to fight them successfully. I wouldn't think of going into the game alone."

"Well, what's to hinder you getting up a pool to beat those chaps?"

"Nothing, if I could show the game up in a convincing way to the persons I would ask to go in with me; but I couldn't go to them merely on your word. That isn't business. I must have proof of the fact that Keating and his crowd are going to work this bear movement which

claim they are about to do. Bring me satisfactory evidence and then I'll look into the matter."

"I'm afraid I can't make it any clearer than I have done," replied Nat. "You will have some evidence, however, by to-morrow or next day, when these gentlemen begin operations. Then it may be too late for you to make your arrangements in time to head them off. They ought to be blocked at the start. If I wasn't up to my neck in another matter I'd try to form a bull pool myself."

"You'd form a bull pool, would you? Say, young man, your nerve is simply inexhaustible! One of these days I suppose you expect to be king of the Street," he concluded, sarcastically.

"I may be. Who knows?" replied Nat, coolly.

"You'd better return to your own office. I've got a lot of work to attend to."

"Then you won't do anything about my tip?"

"Not unless I can have something more convincing than your word."

"All right, uncle. You are losing half a million or so by turning my proposition down. Just watch the market for the next few days, and you will see what you will see."

"Humph! I expect to see you looking for that million of yours with a telescope before the year is out," growled Sylvester Noble.

"You needn't worry about that million. It looks so lonesome that I'm hustling to get another to keep it company. Good-day," and Nat walked out as chipper as a young colt.

He ran upstairs to see Eunice for a few minutes, and then returned to his own office.

As he was crossing Wall street a little, old, white-haired gentleman who was coming toward him suddenly slipped on a banana peel and came down in a heap in the street.

Nat ran to his assistance, picked him up and helped him back on the sidewalk.

"I hope you're not hurt, sir," he said, in a sympathetic tone.

"I don't know," quavered the old gentleman.

He looked very much the worse for the shock he had sustained, and Nat didn't feel as if he ought to leave him in that condition.

"You'd better come up to my office until you recover. It is only a few doors from here. Then, if you wish me to, I'll see you to your destination."

"Thank you. I will do as you say," replied the old gentleman, gratefully.

So Nat led the demoralized old man to the Niobe Building, took him up in the elevator to the fourth floor and introduced him to his office.

One of the appointments of the private room was a leather-covered lounge, and Nat told the old gentleman to lie down on it till he felt better.

"I am very much obliged to you, young man. Will you tell me your name?"

"Nat Noble, sir."

"Thank you. You are employed here, I suppose?"

"No, sir. I am a broker, and this is my office."

The little old gentleman seemed astonished.

"You are young to be a broker. You are not twenty-one, I should judge."

"No, sir."

"Are you any relation to Sylvester Noble, broker, of Exchange Place?"

"Yes, sir. He is my uncle."

"Indeed! Your uncle used to act as one of my brokers when I was active in the Street."

"Then you have been connected with Wall Street?" said Nat.

"Very much so," smiled the old gentleman. "My name is Josiah Lombard."

"Josiah Lombard!" cried Nat, to whom the name was familiar. "Is it possible that you are that famous operator?"

"I am."

"You were the associate of Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, and others of that crowd?"

"I was. They are all gone now. I am the last of the old guard, and I suppose I must follow them soon, for I am nearly ninety."

"One would never think so to look at you. You look good for many years yet."

"One can never tell," sighed the old gentleman. "So you are a young broker just starting on your Wall Street career?"

"Yes, sir. I've only been a few months in business, but I've done pretty well. I've made a million already."

"A million! How much capital did you have to start with?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

The little old gentleman looked at him with interest.

"Will you tell me how you made a million in so short a time with so small a financial backing?"

Nat recounted all the particulars of the three deals he had been in, and his visitor listened attentively.

"You have certainly been very fortunate. I myself believe in luck. I never care to have business dealings with unlucky people. I judge you are one of those on whom Fortune delights to shower her favors. You will probably be a very rich man in time."

"It won't be my fault if I'm not," replied Nat, confidently.

Then he told the old gentleman about the trap he had walked into, and how he expected to extricate himself with a loss of not over \$150,000.

"This my first set-back, but as it is a put-up job on me it is not altogether my fault. If I had a few millions at my disposal I'd get back at those brokers in a way that would make their hair curl, and come out a million or more ahead of the game."

"How would you do it?" asked the little gentleman, clearly much interested in his new friend.

Nat outlined the plan he would follow, and showed how it was bound to prove a winner with sufficient financial backing.

"I tried to interest my uncle in the idea; but he couldn't see it with my eyes, and so he has lost a good chance, and the probability is that the crowd who is against me, while they will not succeed in hurting me as much as they calculate on, will be sure to make several hundred thousand dollars if their capital enables them to carry out their plan."

"Well, give me an outline of how you would carry the deal through from this point," said the old gentleman, after regarding him thoughtfully.

Nat started in and laid down his plan of operation, point by point, covering every emergency he could think of.

When he had finished the little old gentleman said:

"Run down to the offices of the D. & L. road and find out how many shares of the stock is on the market. Find out in whose names the larger holdings are recorded on the books. I will wait till you return."

Nat put on his hat and was off like a shot.

In less than an hour he was back with the information. The old gentleman studied the paper carefully.

"Very well," he said. "I am going to back you in this deal. I will advance you money enough to pay for every share sold to you. Come with me over to the Manhattan National. I will introduce you to the cashier, and instruct him to pay for all shares of D. & L. presented C. O. D. at the bank. My securities in the vaults will be several times sufficient to meet all the payments. When you are ready to sell, the bank will make all deliveries for cash. You will be charged with the current rate of interest for the money I will furnish you to put the deal through. All over that will be paid to you by the bank when a final settlement is made. Is that satisfactory, Noble?"

"Perfectly," replied Nat, not a little excited and enthused by the prospect ahead.

"Then, if you please, we will go," said the old gentleman, rising.

Nat gave him his arm and they went out together

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LITTLE BROKER BEGINS HIS BIG FIGHT.

Nat Noble looked like a different boy when he walked into his office on the following morning.

He was on the eve of a deal that would make even his uncle sit up and take notice.

The little old gentleman had taken him to one of the biggest brokerage firms in the Street, and Nat had outlined his plans to the head of the firm.

The details of the fight to beat the Keating and French crowd to a stand-still were carefully elaborated and everything arranged for the fray which was to commence as soon as the opposition got busy.

Nat had arranged with his brokers to direct operations from the visitors' gallery of the Exchange, as he couldn't go on the floor, and a code of signals was fixed up between

them so as to convey certain directions and suggestions from the little broker to his active workers.

At ten o'clock Nat was promptly on hand at his post, and the broker who was to conduct the first part of the fight was on the floor with his lieutenants when the chairman opened business.

Neither Keating nor French appeared in the Exchange until eleven o'clock, though Green and Gummert were there, and so nothing was done in D. & L. for the first hour.

Keating walked to the D. & L. standard and offered 1,000 shares at 51 1-2.

One of his lieutenants bought it in, thus establishing a basis for the trades that were to follow.

Keating immediately offered 2,000 shares for 51.

Some broker bought.

Keating then offered 5,000 for 50.

Nat waved his arm and his broker took the shares.

For the next quarter of an hour there were exciting times around the D. & L. pole, as Keating sold the stock down to 46.

Then there was a lull of ten minutes, which was used in comparing trades.

Keating had sold 50,000 shares of D. & L., and the bulk of it had been bought by Nat through his broker and aides.

Nat had arranged with another broker on the outside to look after his margins on the 30,000 shares held subject to his orders by Gummert.

After the stock had gone to 46 Keating stepped out of the circle in order to wait for information from Gummert, who had returned to his office.

While Keating was away there was some desultory trading done in D. & L., the price gradually advancing to 50.

Nat's broker took no part in this.

When Keating learned that Nat had made good his margins he returned to the fray and began to sell another 30,000 shares short, beating the price down to 45.

All his offers were taken in by Nat's broker or his assistants.

After another lull Keating renewed his efforts and got the price to 43.

A big crowd had by this time gathered around the D. & L. pole, which now occupied the chief attention of the Exchange.

There was excitement to burn as Keating continued his raid on the stock.

He sold 40,000 shares more, and got the stock down to 40, when he hauled off to await information from Gummert.

Nat's representative having met a further call for margin, the news was sent to Keating, who resumed his bear tactics, and after selling 60,000 shares, got the price down to 35.

This necessitated more margin from Nat, and it was met as before.

Keating and his bunch held a hurried consultation.

They had sold 200,000 shares of D. & L. short, most of it to Nat unknowingly, and they saw that the little broker was no nearer to being wiped out of his 30 shares than before.

They had taken a big risk in their efforts to ruin the boy, and were afraid to go any further.

Accordingly, all of them except Keating began to try and buy the stock to cover.

This fact was immediately telegraphed to Nat, who at once gave the signal to rush the price up.

His broker and lieutenant then began bidding at a lively rate.

In a few moments they pushed the stock from 35 up to 50, amid a pandemonium of excitement, in which the frantic efforts of French and his bunch to get the stock back cheap were snowed under.

After a short lull, Nat's broker resumed his bidding, carrying the price up to 55.

Very little real stock had come out until after the price passed 52, and then Nat's broker hauled off for a breathing spell.

Keating and his crowd were now in a bad hole.

They had pledged themselves to deliver 200,000 shares of D. & L. at varying figures below 50 down to 35, expecting to be able to buy in enough under 40 during the panicky feeling to make good.

Nat had blocked them by forcing the price up to 55 so fast as to take their breath away.

Nat had been compelled, during the slump, to put up \$650,000 additional margins, but now, with the stock going

higher, his 30,000 was not only out of danger but accumulating a profit.

Already he was \$80,000 ahead of the game, provided he could unload his shares.

At two o'clock the price was up to 65, and then he signaled his broker to draw off.

At the same time he sent a note to Gummert by messenger instructing him to sell his holdings in small lots.

Gummert was in duty bound to obey orders, though he saw that the little broker was slipping out of the net spread for him, and at a profit, too.

All the 30,000 shares were disposed of at prices between 65 and 62, or on an average of 63 1-2, and Nat realized a profit of \$180,000 at the expense of the Keating bunch.

That, however, was but a minor issue compared with the 250,000 shares he had bought with Josiah Lombard's money.

Of that number 50,000 were certain to be delivered at the bank in the morning.

As to the 200,000 which Keating had engaged to deliver at low prices, and the bulk of which he had been unable to buy in, he and his bunch would be obliged to borrow it for delivery, if they could get it, at a tremendous loss, that in the end was bound to cripple them at the figure D. & L. closed at that afternoon, which was around 61.

All the stock actually delivered at the bank would have to be resold at a profit by Nat before the big deal could be successfully completed, and that was a far harder job to put through than the part he had already engineered.

He left the Exchange to consult with his brokers over next day's campaign, and as he did so he felt that he carried a weight on his young shoulders that made him feel ten years older than when he got up that morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LITTLE BROKER MAKES A FEW PERTINENT REMARKS.

While Nat was in consultation with his brokers, the Keating crowd was holding a confab in French's office.

Green and Keating were in a particularly bad humor.

"That boy has got clean out of the tangle with a profit, while we're in a tight box," snarled Green. "The question is, what are we going to do to extricate ourselves?"

"We've got to deliver 200,000 shares at the Manhattan National at figures all the way from 35 to 50, mostly way below the latter," said Keating. "I'd give considerable to know who the bank is acting for."

"It must be a moneyed crowd we're up against," said French. "Garfield & Staley are the brokers, and it is one of the biggest firms in the Street. It was our ill-luck to handle a stock that some combine was engineering to corner, from all appearances."

"Yes, we set this trap to catch the boy and have been caught in it ourselves," said Gummert. "He's met every call for margins like a little man. Either his resources are greater than we figured on, or his uncle came to his rescue."

"I guess his uncle must have lent him money to tide him over. How much was he called upon to put up altogether?"

"Six hundred and fifty thousand," replied Gummert.

"Quite a good-sized sum for a little broker like him to handle," remarked Gunn. "Besides that, he bought 1,000 shares of D. & L. outright from that lady at the start for \$52,000. Did you sell that for him, too?"

"No," replied Gummert. "I simply sold the 30,000 in small lots, according to his orders, which I was bound to carry out. His net profit over all expenses will amount to \$180,000. So you see I'll have to send him a check tomorrow for over \$800,000. The 1,000 shares will at the present market price yield him a further profit of nearly \$10,000. So, instead of getting revenge on him, we've only succeeded in putting ourselves nearly \$200,000 in his pocket, as well as getting ourselves into a nasty hole. The scheme has acted like a boomerang, and I'm thoroughly disgusted with the whole thing."

"You're not any more disgusted than the rest of us," snorted Keating. "There is no use of crying over spilled milk. It's up to us now to get out the fix the best way we can."

"We have only been able to buy in 25,000 shares of the stock at a price that we could stand. The balance we'll have to borrow, and trust to luck to be able to get the stock later at a figure that will enable us to return it without going to the wall. At the present moment if we had to cash up at the market, some of us would lose our seats at the Exchange," said French.

The others realized the truth of their associate's remark, and looked gloomily at once another.

At that moment the tinge of the atmosphere in French's private office was decidedly blue.

Keating made out a list of brokers from whom he expected to get the needed shares and handed it around, each of his associates selecting a certain number to call on to secure the number of shares allotted to them.

At that moment a note was handed in to French.

He opened it and read it with an exclamation of surprise.

"What do you think of this?" he said. "It sounds almost too incredible to believe, and yet the writer, who is a particular friend of mine, assures me that the facts are true."

"What facts?" demanded Keating, impatiently, while the rest were all attention.

"Listern," replied French.

Then he read the note out loud.

It stated that the bull movement of the day had been directed by Nat Noble, who seemed to be in charge of it.

The writer had observed his presence in the visitors' gallery of the Exchange and caught on to the signals which were exchanged between him and Brokers Garfield & Staley on the floor.

The statement acted like the explosion of a bomb in the office.

Even Keating looked amazed.

"It doesn't seem possible that that boy can be at the back of a big movement such as was inaugurated to-day," he said, incredulously.

"Possible or not, I can assure you that the information is perfectly reliable when it comes from Eldridge," replied French. "Noble must have interested his uncle to get up a bull clique in order to save his nephew from being wiped out."

"Pshaw! If Sylvester Noble did anything like that he wouldn't leave the workings of it in the hands of that boy. He's too old a bird for that. He'd have looked after the deal himself, or had his most experienced broker to attend to the matter. In any case he'd have hardly gone to Garfield & Staley and employed them. Depend on it, if Nat Noble was interested in to-day's battle, he's backed by somebody other than his uncle," said Keating, savagely.

The meeting then broke up and the traders separated to meet again at five o'clock.

It was close to five when Nat left the office of Garfield & Staley, after fixing up a plan for the morrow.

He almost ran into Broker French, who was coming along the corridor of the building.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. French," said Nat, with his customary politeness. "How is the world using you?"

"You've got a whole lot of nerve to ask me that question," replied French. "I suppose you think you're the whole thing just now."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I understand that you have been making things hum at the Exchange to-day."

"What put such a thing as that in your head?"

"Trying to play innocent, are you?" sneered French. "You're like the ostrich who, when pursued, buries his head in the sand under the impression that he's hiding himself. You're a new thing yet, and have lots to learn. Probably you'll learn a few new kinks to-morrow."

"I'm learning new kinks every day," retorted Nat. "I'm learning who are trying to get my fleece away from me, for one thing. And I am learning how to protect myself from some apparently good friends who shake hands with me and tell me what a good fellow I am before my face; then they get together and lay plans to ruin me. Oh, yes, I'm learning something new every day, and expect to learn a lot more before I turn up my toes and go to the happy hunting grounds, where there's no such thing as a stock exchange."

"What are you talking about?" snorted French.

"Nothing in particular. I was just relieving myself of a few philosophic remarks, that's all."

"What do you mean by people shaking hands with you before your face, and then putting up a job on you behind your back?"

"You ought to know, Mr. French," replied Nat, coolly.

"Do you mean to insinuate—"

"I'm not insinuating anything. Merely stating a few facts that seem to be of ordinary occurrence down here among some of the brokers. A fellow has got to keep his wits about him all the time, or snip! goes a pair of sharp

shears, and he's minus a bunch of fleece. It isn't always the early bird that gets the worm in this neighborhood, is it, Mr. French? but the bird that has eyes in the back of his head, as well as in front."

"I'd like to know just what you're getting at. I never heard you talk this way before."

"That's because I didn't know as much as I do now."

"Indeed!" sneered French. "You may know more tomorrow about this time."

Thus speaking, the trader walked off.

"That sounds like a veiled threat," muttered Nat, walking out of the building.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITTLE BROKER STARTS A PANIC.

The sun rose on Wall Street next morning just as it had done every day for a week past.

When the clock on Trinity Church pointed to nine, all the streets leading to the financial district were alive with clerks of all ages and importance, and lots of pretty, and some that were not around when beauty was given out, typewriters, wending their way in a brisk fashion toward their respective offices.

After them came the people who didn't have to be at their places of business exactly on the minute, and intermingled with them were the early "lambs" who had read in the morning editions that something would be on tap in Wall Street that day.

Then came the brokers, and other bosses, all wearing a look of business.

The brokers' offices were crowded to overflowing before ten, for the unexpected rise of D. & L. above 60 had attracted great attention and anticipation of what the day would bring forth.

The market looked buoyant in every way, and it was expected that D. & L. might go to 70 before three o'clock.

The outsiders had brought down fat pocketbooks with them to put on the stock in expectation of reaping a golden profit.

All signs pointed to a lively day on 'Change, and everybody was out to make the nimble dollar.

Nat Noble came down early.

He appeared as soon almost as Andy had opened up.

Andy's left eye was discolored with a bluish ring that morning.

"What's the matter, Andy?" asked Nat. "Did you run against a door in the dark last night?"

"No, sor; I run ag'in a fist," replied the boy, frankly.

"It must have been a hard one," laughed the little broker.

"Yis, sor. It was the fist of Michael Grady, one of them district messengers, but he promised not to do it ag'in."

"What did you do to him?"

"Well, sor, I dunno exactly. Me fists acted kind of reckless like, do ye moind. A fr'end of his tould me this mornin' that he'd be in the hospital a wake."

"You must be a terror, Andy."

"Well, sor, I'm gettin' tired of bein' insulted widout cause, so I thought I'd taich the b'y a lesson. Maybe the rist of his gang will take warning and lave me alone in the future."

"You ought to have had your eye painted. It looks bad in an office."

"Painted, is it? I niver heard of that remedy for a black eye. Shall I have it painted white, sor?"

"You'd better call at a druggist's this afternoon. Maybe he'll be able to fix you up."

"Sure, I thought it was a sign painter I should go to."

"Not at all, Andy. It's a different kind of painting altogether that your eye requires."

"Yis, sor; if ye say so, sor. There's two litters for ye on your disk, brought be the postman."

Nat went inside and read the letters, which were from two new out-of-town customers.

At a quarter of ten he went over to Garfield & Staley's office and had a final talk with Mr. Garfield, after which he went over to the Exchange.

There was a crowd around the D. & L. post when the gong opened business, and Garfield was in the center of it.

He started the fun by offering 62 for any part of 5,000 shares.

In a moment the excitement began and the mob of brokers, the bulk of them with buying orders in their pockets, surged around Garfield.

Little by little he forced the price up, while buying and selling went on around him, until he got it to 70.

Then Nat made a signal intended for Staley.

That broker and his lieutenants started in selling on the quiet.

Garfield was doing his best, and successfully, to sustain the price, even force it higher.

A messenger brought a note to Staley at that moment from the bank, notifying him that the Keating people had presented the 200,000 shares of D. & L. sold by Keating to Garfield.

That let them out as far as their previous day's engagements were concerned, but they had the bulk of that stock to buy in yet if they could get it at a price within the scope of their united capital.

Nat saw Broker Green circulating around on the floor, but he did not suspect that that individual was watching him.

Immediately after Nat signalled Staley to buy, Green hurried off the floor.

A few minutes later he appeared with a policeman in the gallery.

The pair made at once for the little broker.

"There he is, officer! Arrest him!" cried Broker Green.

Nat turned and looked at them in astonishment.

"Hold on there!" he protested, indignantly. "What have I done?"

The policeman, however, reached for him as though he were a common crook.

"Come, now, young man," he said, roughly. "Get out of here!"

"What for? I have a right here," objected Nat.

"You have no right here!" cried Green, angrily.

"Well, I have the privilege, then, of staying here."

"You've forfeited that by trying to conduct operations on the floor when you're not a member of the Exchange. Throw him out, officer!"

"Move on!" said the policeman, shoving the little broker toward the exit leading to the stairs.

The officer wisely released him when he saw that the boy intended going of his own accord.

"So that is your word, Mr. Green, is it?" said Nat, when they got to the head of the stairs. "Trying to get square with me because I taught you and your crowd a lesson yesterday—a lesson you all deserve for springing a measly trap on me. I'm not through with you yet. I haven't forgotten the trick you played on me some weeks ago, when you went back on your verbal agreement to make good that \$50,000 you borrowed on Midland Central. I've got the stock in my safe yet. Some day it will be up again and I'll get my money back anyway, without any thanks to you. You're a gentleman—I don't think!"

"How dare you talk to me that way?" roared Green, furiously.

"I dare to because I have no respect for a man of your principles."

"Throw him downstairs, officer! Do you hear him insulting me?"

"Move on, young man!" said the officer, threateningly.

Nat walked downstairs as mad as a hatter.

He was now looking for revenge on the opposition bunch, and at the critical stage of the game he had lost his head.

Five minutes later he sent directions in to his brokers that surprised them.

The first was to Staley to throw stock on the market to break the price temporarily.

Staley could not disobey, though he thought it a crazy act.

So he began offering the stock at the last quotation right and left.

Intense excitement ensued.

The brokers who had been buying as fast as they could for their customers stopped and stared aghast.

Brokers who had been buying for themselves got frightened at what appeared to be a new bear attack, and hastened to unload.

The whole Exchange was thrown into sudden confusion and a few moments later a wild panic set in.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

The news flew through the Street like wildfire, and customers in the office interested in D. & L. and other stock began to act like crazy people in their eagerness to save themselves from ruin.

The newspaper reporters wired their journals that the market had gone to pieces.

The only persons who were hilariously happy were Keating, French and the rest of the bunch.

Nat suddenly woke up to the fact that he had made a blunder.

The panic must be stopped at all hazards.

He sent word in to Garfield to buy right and left, and that he would have him sustained.

Then he rushed to his uncle's office.

"Uncle, I want you to help me out. I want you to buy D. & L. for me. The panic in the Exchange has got to be stopped at all hazards. I've got a million and quarter dollars that I will put up as margin. Use every cent of it if necessary. Get busy at once. Every moment counts."

Sylvester Noble readily saw that his nephew was heavily involved in the fate of D. & L., though he could not understand in what way it was, since Nat claimed to have a million and a quarter of cash at his back, and that was a quarter of a million more than the boy admitting possessing at their last interview.

"If this panic goes on I'm ruined, uncle, so don't ask for further explanation, but get to work, and get to work quicker than lightning."

In a brief space of time Sylvester Noble started his representative and assistants buying D. & L. as fast as they could take it in.

Garfield and his lieutenants had already partially stemmed the tide, and as soon as he was joined by the Noble forces the slump stopped and the price began to advance once more.

As soon as the market had turned in earnest, Nat called off his uncle's people.

They had bought in 60,000 shares for him at an average of 64.

Nat sent word to Garfield to force the price as high as he could, and then instructed Staley to resume his original programme of quiet selling at the market.

The stock closed at 75 that day, and Nat had succeeded in getting rid of 90,000 shares held by the bank.

Next day, with the price up at 80, and the public wild over D. & L., he got rid of the balance of the stock bought by Garfield.

On the third day, with the price still being sustained by his brokers, he instructed his uncle to sell the 60,000 shares in small lots.

He got an average of 76 for the stock, netting a profit on it of \$700,000.

By that time Keating and his crowd were hopelessly in the soup.

Every man of them was forced to make an assignment, and each lost his seat in the Exchange.

Nat then called Garfield & Staley off the job and left D. & L. to find its proper level.

The two brokers made a wad of money out of commissions, and Nat had a big interest bill to settle with the bank in Josiah Lombard's behalf, but in spite of all that he cleared a million and a half over and above his outside profits on the deal, making him worth \$3,500,000.

When he later on explained the whole thing to his Uncle Sylvester, and showed him that he had made two and one-half millions out of that one deal, the seasoned old broker could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes.

The newspapers got hold of the particulars of the big deal that Ned Noble engineered, and gave considerable space to the story.

Then the Street took its hat off to the little broker.

The publicity that he got was the making of a prosperous business for Nat.

Constant contact with brokers and customers also softened down his brogue, but his hair continued as red as ever.

If you don't believe this story is strictly true, just visit Wall Street any business day and ask any broker the name of the boy who started a panic in Wall Street once upon a time, and he will tell you it was Nat Noble, the Little Broker.

Next week's issue will contain "A STRUGGLE FOR FAME; OR, THE GAMEST BOY IN THE WORLD."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE

CURRENT NEWS

Italy is to send a commercial mission composed of trade experts to Russia. It will visit the most important cities of the Russian Empire and get into direct touch with Russian commercial circles in order to increase commerce between Italy and Russia after the war.

The mackerel fishermen sailing out of Gloucester have had a very profitable season. A fleet of twenty-three schooners took 135,000 barrels of mackerel, valued at \$777,250. A record catch for an American schooner and the biggest of the year was that of the Arthur James, which made \$67,250, each member of the crew getting \$1,527. Next in line were the Monarch, \$55,000; Marguerite Haskins, \$53,000, and Lottie G. Merchant, \$52,500. The smallest catch was that of the Ceda M. MacKown worth \$14,000.

The extermination of ground squirrels from about 209,000 acres of Government land was one of the achievements of the U. S. Biological Survey during the last fiscal year. Of this area about 36,400 acres are on the Fort Totten Indian reservation in North Dakota, and the rest mainly on the Modoc, California, and Sequoia National forests. In North Dakota, where the work has been carried on in co-operation with the State experiment station, no less than five-eighths of a ton of strychnine has been used in the northern part of the State, seven counties having been systematically covered with poison.

Following the approval of the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States by both houses of the Danish Parliament, King Christian, in the Cabinet Council, ratified the treaty providing for the sale on December 22. The exchange of the ratification instruments will take place in Washington, probably toward the end of January. The Danish ratification will be despatched on the steamer Helig Olav, the first liner which leaves Copenhagen for New York, sailing on January 11.

Full eyesight was suddenly restored to Mr. Lawhon, of May, Texas, a few days ago, as he was walking down the street. One eye had been blind for a number of years, and a short while ago he lost the sight of the other eye when a bit of wood struck him in it. On the recommendation of physicians, he had the injured eye removed and the one that had been blind for years operated upon. The operation brought very little relief, as he could barely see at all, but while he was walking down the street a number of days afterward, the full sight of that eye came to him suddenly and he can now see a distance of 200 yards from him without difficulty.

A horse becoming frightened recently in Tallahassee, Alabama, ran amuck into the store of the Garrett Drug Company, completely demolishing a large, circular cigar case in the front of the store; then, having become disentangled from the wagon, dashed headlong through a narrow aisle of tables into a large mirror which covered the front of the prescription case. The animal was thrown backward, falling on a small serving table. Doctor Garrett, the proprietor, who was directly behind the prescription case, was thrown ten feet by the impact. Mr. Bettes, the popular young soda dispenser, was near the entrance, and, seeing the horse coming, immediately retired through the rear exit. The horse sustained only a few bruises.

Snakes have no eyelids, and therefore never close their eyes. Their eyeball is covered with transparent scale much resembling glass. When the reptile casts its outer skin, the eye scales come off with the rest of the transparent envelope, out of which the snake slips. This glassy eye scale is so tough that it effectually protects the true eye from the twigs, sharp grass, and other obstructions which the snake encounters in its travels, yet it is transparent enough to allow the most perfect vision. A similarly protected or incased eye is to be found in fish. From the character of the element in which they live, and the subdued light that reaches them, fish have no need of eyelids either to wash the eye or protect it from glare, and therefore eyelids are absent; but some of them need the protection of the transparent, horny, convex cases, which guard their eyes without obstructing the sight.

"Scotch girls are buying frilly things," remarked Captain David W. Bone, skipper of the Anchor Line steamer Cameronia, from Glasgow. "On our last voyage home we were laid up for two weeks overhauling and I had a chance to notice that the proverbially careful Scotch lassie is spending money like the proverbial Jack ashore. "This surprising condition is one of the results of the great war. Many of the girls in Scotch cities are working in munitions factories. They are making big wages and, for the first time you might say, they have more money than they know what to do with. Instead of laying it by for a rainy day they are indulging their fancy for all sorts of frills and furbelows. They are even buying furs. Scotch women have seldom worn furs, as the weather is not cold enough. But nowadays the munition prosperity has caused fur boas and muffs to bloom in all directions. And the way they buy sweets is a caution. Sugar is almost like gold in Scotland, but the lassies always have the money to buy candies these days."

ON TOP

OR

THE BOY WHO GOT THERE

By ED KING

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER XV (Continued).

There was great excitement. Every man looked at his neighbor suspiciously. It needed but a breath to fasten the charge upon some one, perhaps an innocent man.

But the days passed and still the mystery remained unsolved. One evening the stage rolled into Wild Creek—for a stage road had just been completed over the old trail.

From it there alighted half a dozen men, all dressed in the garments of civilization. Three of them wore shining silk hats.

Tiff was naturally interested, and by inquiry learned that these were the directors of the Old Sledge Mining Company, which had a large mining grant across the creek. Of course, Tiff was interested.

The gilded capitalists from the far and effete East proceeded to make themselves at home in Wild Creek settlement. They quartered at the little Miners' Home, a small hotel which had been erected within the month.

"I say, Tiff," said Tug complacently, "those rich nobs over at the Miners' Home are looking for a chance to speculate. Why don't you sell them your land?"

"Humph!" exclaimed Tiff. "Don't you know that I can't sell it?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot that! I hear, though, that they are going to sink a shaft on the claim next to yours. And, by the way, that makes me think that I saw Horner strolling around with them yesterday."

Tiff was interested.

"You did?" he asked eagerly. "I wonder if he had anything to do with their coming here? Do you know, I think Horner has some deep game."

Events moved rapidly. The next day a mule train arrived, bringing kits of tools, pieces of machinery, and supplies. Then a gang of men followed. These were employees of the Old Sledge Mining Company.

It now was no longer a secret that they intended to sink a shaft on the high land beyond the creek. Of course, the Wild Creek people were greatly interested. Perhaps Tiff Clark was more interested than any one else.

Work on the shaft began at once. It was rapidly

carried forward. Engineers and surveyors were on hand, and as samples of the ledge were taken from the shaft experts were ready to pass judgment upon it.

Tiff now had ceased to wonder. To him it only meant that quartz mining was to be added to the industries of Wild Creek, and contribute to the building up of the town. But one thing puzzled him greatly.

Horner, the gambler and shyster, was the confidant and companion of the directors of Old Sledge. In fact, the work seemed altogether under his direction. It puzzled Tiff greatly.

But an explanation was near at hand.

The Old Sledge shaft was still under way when from the stage one morning there alighted a man of aristocratic stamp and commanding bearing.

It chanced that Tiff stood near by when the stage drew up. The boy miner gave a sharp cry of joy as the stranger alighted.

"Colonel Pulsifer!" he cried. "Is it you?"

The Chicago millionaire turned and his face lighted up.

"Ah! How are you, Tiff!" he cried. "I am glad to see you! Come with me, my boy. I have got lots to tell you. Much has happened since I saw you last. I am in deep trouble, Tiff. Come with me."

And Tiff, wondering greatly, accompanied his millionaire friend into the tap-room of the Miners' Home.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRAIL OF VILLAINY.

The manner more than the words of Col. Pulsifer excited Tiff's curiosity. He saw that the millionaire was not himself.

There were heavy lines of anxiety and care in his face. His eyes showed a loss of sleep. He was plainly the victim of mental worriment.

The colonel closed the door, and then, with a deep breath, sank into a chair. He gazed at Tiff penetratingly.

"Tiff Clark," he said, "you are honest as a new dollar."

Tiff blushed and stammered:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I want to tell you that in these distracted times honesty is a pearl beyond price, so rare has it become. I am nominally a millionaire. At least I was such. What I am to-day no man knows. Tiff, I am in deep trouble. I am the victim of a gang of rogues and villains. They have led me into a deep trap. Whether I pull out or not remains to be seen."

Tiff was startled as well as surprised. But his sympathy was with Col. Pulsifer.

"I am sorry, sir," he said. "I hope you will win."

"If it was a question of finding a driver for Sadie Mack I should feel sure of winning out," said the colonel, with a smile. "I want to tell you, Tiff, that I trust you to stick by me. You'll never be sorry."

"Indeed, Colonel Pulsifer, I shall be glad to serve you in any way," said Tiff. "But I don't really know how it is in my power."

"It is," asserted the colonel. "Now, let me ask you a question. Is that scoundrel Horner in this town?"

"He is."

"Ah! What is he doing?"

"I believe he is in the employ of the Old Sledge Mining Company."

"I see! Have they put down their shaft yet?"

"Yes!"

"Do you know what their returns are?"

"No."

The colonel pulled his long mustache.

"I have been swindled," he said bitterly. "It was all a vile plot to ruin me. Let me tell you something, Tiff. This Old Sledge grant belonged to me. A month ago I believed that I was the sole possessor of a million. A man named Caleb Lowe, whom I had given a start in life, and whom I believed I could trust, came to me with inside information about a certain great move in the stock market. Foolishly I listened to him, and embarked in the speculative deal."

"In less than a week I became entangled to the extent of six hundred thousand dollars. In two days more I was a ruined man. At this moment, boy I have very little of my fortune. The sheriff has possession of my Chicago home. I am a fugitive from the debtor's law. I have been hounded from Chicago, and have come here—a miserable wreck upon the financial sea—lost irretrievably—oh, Heaven! I can never get back!"

The grief of the stricken man was overwhelming. It stunned Tiff, who could only sit like one in a dream and listen.

Colonel Pulsifer gave way to his emotions for a time, but presently roused himself.

"Of course this is nothing to you, my boy," he said, striving to regain his self-command. You see, I have no chick nor child. No one to sympathize with my troubles."

"I sympathize with you, Colonel Pulsifer," cried Tiff earnestly. "It was a cowardly game to throw you down. I am sorry for you, sir, and I only wish I could help you."

A great light broke over the colonel's face. He reached forward and took Tiff's hand.

"Thank you, Tiff," he said. "I don't care for what is lost. I am still glad to know that there is one in the world who will not go back on me in my adversity."

"I'll never go back on you, Colonel Pulsifer," cried Tiff. "You are a true man, and I like you. I hope you will not lose courage, but come out all right and beat them yet."

"You give me courage, my boy. But they have got everything away from me. Even this last mining grant, which I know is rich and sure to pay a fortune. See how quickly they begin to develop it."

"But—can you not reclaim it?"

"There is no way," said Colonel Pulsifer, shaking his head. "I have been holding this Wild Creek grant. Two years ago I had it surveyed, and a prominent engineer assured me of a great vein of gold-bearing quartz, which extended across my claim to an unknown depth. No doubt it is worth millions. And they have robbed me of it, for I was compelled to put up the title as collateral in my Wall street deal."

"I am very sorry, Colonel Pulsifer."

The colonel opened his traveling bag and showed some packages of greenbacks.

"Fifty thousand dollars," he said. "It is all I have left of my fortune, Tiff. With it I must begin life over again. Perhaps I may hit it lucky here in Wild creek. It is my one aspiration to beat Lowe and the Old Sledge Company."

"I hope you may, Colonel Pulsifer."

"But enough of my troubles. What have you been doing, my boy?"

"I have been washing gold from the river sands," said Tiff. "My partner and I have been at work all the while."

"And your land—the legacy—"

"I have it yet."

"Let me see; that adjoins the Old Sledge grant if I am right."

"I think it does."

"They probably will try to buy it of you."

"Horner has tried to buy it," said Tiff. "But the terms of the legacy forbid my selling, else I might have yielded."

"Don't sell," said the colonel. "It is just as well to keep it."

"But Jack Hope says it is worthless."

"On the surface, perhaps. I will hire an engineer to assay the veins. He may find something the common miner would not see. Well, my boy, I am here in Wild Creek to begin life all over again. Tomorrow we will have another talk. You will come here to see me?"

"If you wish?"

"I do! Now I am going to seek a much-needed rest. Perhaps all will come out right yet. At any rate, we are friends."

(To be continued.)

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

MOONSHINE WHISKY HIGHER.

Moonshiners of the Piedmont in Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and the Carolinas are not so slow. They have taken advantage of the high cost of living arguments put forth by the city manufacturers and as a result moonshine liquor that used to sell for 75 cents a gallon now commands \$4 a gallon.

START WAR ON COYOTES.

Game wardens of twenty eastern Washington counties have been instructed by L. H. Darwin, State Game Warden, to direct a general slaughter of coyotes, following reports of a widespread epidemic of rabies among the roving bands.

According to information received by Darwin the hydrophobic attack is becoming a menace, many domestic animals, including dogs, horses and cattle, having been bitten.

So serious has the situation become that the State Department of Agriculture has been appealed to, and orders have been issued calling for the muzzling of all dogs in the counties affected and in adjoining districts.

HANS WAGNER MARRIED.

John Henry (Honus) Wagner, well known Pittsburgh National infielder, and Miss Bessie Smith, daughter of John G. Smith, a former county detective, were married in Carnegie, Pa., Dec. 30., at the parsonage of the St. John's Lutheran Church. Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Wagner left on a wedding trip. Hans is 42 and his bride 26.

Strenuous efforts had been made by the great ball player to avoid publicity, owing to his natural aversion to being in the limelight, and he had the newspaper boy's guessing until the ceremony was performed. He brought his bride to the marriage license office in his touring car, invited Clerk Walter Niven, a personal friend, to take a ride over the Bigelow boulevard, when the necessary questions were answered and the right to marry granted.

William E. Smith, a brother of the bride, and Miss Alice Downey, a companion of Miss Smith, were the only spectators. A late train was taken at Carnegie for the West, southern California being the objective point of the honeymooners.

WILDCAT NOT SO WILD.

From the earliest settlement of America the bobcat, or bay lynx, has figured largely in hunting literature. What the frontier people think of these animals is shown by the expression that a brave man is one who can "whip his weight in wildcats." Although the wildcat usually weighed less than 20 pounds, if its reputed fierceness could be sustained it would be an awkward foe. But, so far as man

is concerned, says the National Geographic Magazine, unless it is cornered and forced to defend itself, it is extremely timid.

Like all cats, it is very muscular and active, and to the rabbits, squirrels, mice, grouse and other small game upon which it feeds it is a persistent and pitiless enemy.

As in the case of most small cats, the stealthy hunting habits of the bay lynx render it very destructive to ground-frequenting birds, especially to quail, grouse and other game birds. For this reason, like many of its kind, it is outlawed in all settled parts of the country.

CHINA'S COURIERS RUN 90 MILES A DAY.

Travelers who return from the remote interior of vast countries where telegraphs and railways are practically unknown will tell you of the astounding swiftness with which news travels, despite the seeming absence of facilities.

Away in the wilds of the Tibetan border, or in the Mongolian deserts, two months' journey from civilization and hundreds of miles from the nearest telegraph wire, the traveler will perchance hear of some momentous event in the outside world within an incredibly short while of its happening. How is it done?

There is really no mystery about it. This rapid transmission of news is due to human, not superhuman, agency. It is the work of natives employed in courier services of higher organization than we have ever dreamed.

China, that spacious land where distance is measured by days, not miles, affords the best example. For although the means of communication by rail and telegraph have greatly developed there of late, the bulk of the interior is still virgin to these inventions of the "foreign devil," and China still maintains what has been from time immemorial the most wonderful courier service in the world.

It is now mainly controlled by the Chinese post-office, and the mileage of the courier lines has recently reached the stupendous figure of 136,000, or about five and a half times the circumference of the globe. By road, river and track, radiating from the capital of Pekin, or other important centers, legions of couriers are speeding, without ceasing, by night and by day, to almost every corner of the 5,000,000 square miles of country which form the Chinese Empire.

The couriers are all stalwart men, especially chosen for their physique, powers of endurance and knowledge of routes, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. They work in relays, eat as they go along, and are supposed not to stop until they have handed the mail-bag to the next relay. An average speed of ninety miles a day is often maintained.

GOOD AS WHEAT

OR

THE BOY WHO WAS ALL RIGHT

By **GASTON GARNE**

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER VIII (Continued).

"I hope not! Poor old man!" from Lucy.

The injured man was old. He had snow-white hair and beard, and was roughly dressed, like a hunter or scout. He had been struck over the head with a club or some such weapon, and Bob did not believe that he would recover.

"I'll go for a doctor," the youth said. "I won't be gone long."

He hastened out and down the street to where he remembered to have seen a doctor's sign.

The doctor was in and went right back with Bob, who paused an instant at the patch of weeds to get his violin case.

They were soon at the house, and the doctor made a careful examination of the old man's injuries.

"Well?" queried Bob, when the doctor had finished.

The physician shook his head and looked sober.

"I don't think he will recover," he said. "He is badly injured, and he is old and feeble. He may live two or three days, and he he may not live twenty-fours hours."

"Do what you can for him, sir," said the youth.

"I will."

He dressed the wound, and then left some medicine to be administered internally and took his departure.

"I wonder who he is?" remarked Kittie.

Mrs. Wilson shook her head.

"I have never seen him before," she said.

"There may be something in his pockets that will serve to identify him," said Bob.

He felt in all the pockets, but did not find anything.

Bob sat up part of the night and gave the injured man his medicine regularly, and then Mrs. Wilson took his place and watched beside the old man till morning.

When morning came the injured man was in a delirium, and talked and mumbled incoherently.

The doctor came, examined the patient, shook his head, left some more medicine and took his departure.

About the middle of the afternoon the old man suddenly became rational. He looked around him wonderingly, and then fixed his gaze on Bob's face.

"I'm goin' ter—die," he said, faintly. "I—hev—on'y er—leettle—w'ile ter—stay."

"Oh, you'll get well and live a long time," said Bob, gently.

"No; I'm—goin'—quick. Ye look—like—er—hones' boy—an'—I'm goin'—ter—do—sumthin' fur ye. In—ther—linin' uv—my coat—ye'll fin'—er map. Foller ther—direckshuns—an'—ye'll fin'—ther richest—gol' mine in—Arizony—"

He stopped from sheer weakness and then suddenly rallied again and went on:

"Et's in—ther heart—uv ther—Mogollon range. Way up—ther's a—leettle lake—an' in ther—middle uv—ther lake is—a leettle—islan'—not much—more'n er—peak, an' thar ye'll—"

That was all. He never spoke another word, but suddenly gasped and was dead.

Mrs. Wilson and the girls were greatly shocked, but Bob did his best and finally got them to feeling calmer and more philosophical.

"You heard what he said about the mine?" queried Bob.

The three nodded assent.

"Well, I'm going to see if there is anything in his story."

He ripped the lining of the dead man's coat loose and out dropped a folded paper.

Bob opened this and found a rude map, just as the old man said he would.

Although roughly drawn, the youth doubted not that it would be a sufficient guide for any one familiar with the country, and that the lake and island could be found—if they were there.

"And somehow I believe they are there," he said; "and I think, too, that a chap about my size will make an effort to find them."

He placed the paper carefully away in his pocket, and as he did so he happened to glance up at the window and saw a dark, fierce-eyed man glaring at him.

Leaping up, Bob ran to the door, opened it and ran out of doors.

No one was in sight, and he ran around the house, and was in time to see a man disappearing amid the pinon trees on the slope one hundred yards distant.

He did not go in pursuit.

"I wonder who the scoundrel was, and why he was

peering in at me?" thought Bob. Then a thought struck him, and he went on: "Can it be that he knows the old man and has knowledge of the map?"

That was not impossible, and the thought caused an uneasy feeling to come over the boy.

"No matter," he muttered; "the old man made me his heir, and if there is any gold mine up there in the Mogollon Mountains, I'm going to have it!"

Mrs. Wilson and the girls questioned him eagerly regarding his sudden dash from the house—they had not seen the face—and he explained to them.

"Oh, Bob, it means danger to you; I know it!" breathed Lucy, turning pale.

"I don't think so, Lucy; and, anyway, I am not afraid."

"Promise me that you won't try to go off up there to hunt for that mine alone," the girl said, pleadingly.

"I promise, Lucy. I would not think of doing so, anyway. I will have a guide who is familiar with the country."

"Say, Bob, take Sam Sager with you," said Kittie.

"Who is Sam Sager?" Bob queried.

Lucy placed her lips close to Bob's ear and whispered:

"He's Kittie's sweetheart."

"Oh!" said Bob; "all right, I'll take him along if he'll go. But why haven't I seen him?"

"He is out of town," said Kittie, blushing; "but he will be back this evening."

"Is he brave?" queried Bob.

"Yes," said Kittie; "he isn't afraid of anything."

"Not even of you?" with a smile.

"No," blushing even deeper.

"All right; he is the partner for me, and we'll go and find that gold mine if it is in existence—and then we'll come back and marry you girls. How will that do?"

"We'll wait and see if you find the gold mine before we answer your question," said Lucy, demurely.

CHAPTER IX.

DANGER AHEAD AND BEHIND.

Two days had passed.

The old miner, whose name even was not known, had been buried, and things were again about as they had been at the Wilson home.

It was evening, and the little family was gathered in the sitting-room, talking of the trip that Bob was figuring on making over into the Mogollon Mountains in Arizona in search of the gold mine.

Sam Sager had been there several times, and had promised that he would go with Bob.

Suddenly there sounded a cheery whistle and footsteps and then came a knock on the door.

"It's Sam," said Kittie, leaping up and opening the door.

She was right; it was Sam Sager, and he gave

them all a cheery good evening, which was returned in kind.

Sam was a bright, manly-looking youth of about Bob's age, nineteen or twenty years.

His parents lived only a couple of blocks from the Wilson home.

"Well," smiled Sam, "are you talking about the gold mine that Bob and I are going to find?"

"That is just what we were talking about," said Bob.

"And you are surely going?"

"Yes; and you'll go with me?"

"You know I will, Bob. You couldn't hold me back with a team of oxen."

"Good! But we must have a guide."

"Yes; it won't do for us to venture up in that country alone. We might get lost and never find our way back again."

The girls looked decidedly sober at this statement.

"Who could you get?" remarked Mrs. Wilson. Bob shook his head.

"I don't know," he said, slowly; "you see, I'm almost a stranger in this part of the— Hold on! I have it!" He started up, all excitement.

"Have you thought of some one?" queried Sam, eagerly.

"Yes; there are a couple of men in the town who would, I am sure, be just the fellows for us, if they are familiar with the country we are intending to visit—and somehow I believe that they are."

"Who are they?"

"Their names are Hank Billock and Bill Boggett."

Sam shook his head.

"I don't know them," he said.

Bob explained how he had made their acquaintance, and his hearers laughed when he told them the story of his encounter with the two worthies.

"They're big, rough fellows," said Bob; "but I am sure that they are honest, and I'll wager that they would be terrors in a fight with ruffians or Indians—I guess there are Indians up in that region?"

Sam nodded his head and looked sober.

"Apaches," he said, seriously; "the most dangerous Indians in the world."

"Well, if we can get Billock and Boggett to go with us, I shall feel comparatively safe."

"See them at once, Bob."

"I will. I'll go right out and look for them; and if I find them I'll bring them here, and we'll talk the matter over."

"That's a good idea," said Mrs. Wilson.

Bob left the house at once and hastened up the street.

When he reached the United States Hotel he entered the bar-room, and to his satisfaction he saw the two men whom he was in search of sitting at a table, playing cards.

They saw him at once and nodded in a friendly manner and grinned.

(To be continued.)

TIMELY TOPICS

Boys of six corn clubs of Shelby County, Tenn., have demonstrated they are better corn raisers than their fathers. The average yield of corn per acre in the county is 21.5 bushels. The 165 boys of the clubs have an average of 55 bushels to the acre, and one of them succeeded in producing 89.67 bushels on one acre.

Every automobile rider has experienced the discomfort of dust in the eyes, and also from the effects of cold winds. A suggestion has been made that these discomforts may be greatly alleviated by applying castor oil along the eyelashes. This, it is claimed, will catch most of the dust before it can enter the eye, and also it protects the eyes from the chilling effects of the wind.

Two convicts of the Washington State penitentiary claim the invention of a process by which brass, copper and practically all similar metals can be welded together by simple forge work and without the use of any chemicals or present day methods. It is likely that their invention will be inspected in the near future by experts and, if found worthy of encouragement, assistance may be given them.

The Sakais, or tree dwellers, of the Malay peninsula build their houses in forked trees a dozen feet above ground and reach them by means of bamboo ladders, which they draw up when safely housed out of harm's way. The house itself is a rude kind of shack made of bamboo, and the flooring is lashed together piece by piece and bound securely to the tree limbs by rattan. These curious people are rather small and lighter in complexion than the Malays, though much uglier. They have no form of religion at all—not even idols—no written language and speak a corrupt form of Malay.

A new deep-sea diving record was set recently by a resident of Toledo, Ohio, who descended to a depth of 361 feet in Grand Traverse Bay in a newly-patented diving armor of his own invention. The armor is rigid and designed especially for salvage work at great depths, says *Popular Mechanics*. Unlike the usual diving dress, it requires no air tube; an oxygen tank attached to the armor supplies the diver's needs. The helmet, body and feet are constructed of manganese bronze, while the armored legs and arms are flexible and provision is made for grasping objects beneath the surface. A telephone apparatus in the helmet keeps the diver in constant communication with the surface.

As to the destruction of British shipping by German submarines during the present war, Sir Nor-

man Hill, secretary of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association, has recently made calculations that the effect of the German campaign on British shipping has been as follows: In the twenty-seven months of war from August, 1914, to October, 1916, 433 steam vessels of more than 1,600 tons, representing 1,744,000 tons gross register, were lost through war perils. Great Britain started the war with 3,600 steamships, of 16,000,000 tons gross, so that the losses represent twelve per cent. in numbers, or eleven per cent. in tonnage, being less than one-half of one per cent. a month. The value of the cargoes lost is calculated at 0.49 per cent. of the total by Sir Norman, who adds: "A ten shillings in one hundred pounds blockade will never starve us."

The attempt of an enterprising New York firm of importers to enter Japanese paper hats for men at the Custom House as "manufactures of straw" has been checked by Collector Malone. The collector is understood to hold that while there is nothing to prevent dealers in this country from selling hats made of paper as "straw" hats, such goods, for dutiable purposes, will have to be classified according to the component material of chief value, which in this case is paper. The collector has accordingly demanded duty at 30 per cent. under the tariff provision for "manufactures of tissue paper." The importer, whose invoiced description of the merchandise was "Okinawa paper Panama hats," has filed an appeal with the Board of General Appraisers asking classification at 25 per cent., either as "manufacturers of straw" or "straw hats."

Sharkskin as a substitute for leather is receiving attention from the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce of the United States. It has been in limited demand for some years past in this country as a covering for various articles, but not until the present shortage of leather grew acute has it been brought forward as a regular leather substitute. Acceptable leather from sharkskins has been made in several foreign countries, and there is apparently no reason why it should not be converted into serviceable leather by American tanners. The skin of sharks is very tough and durable, and some of them have a beautiful surface pattern, which remains after tanning. Arrangements have already been made for securing from Florida fishermen a large supply of large sharkskins, and further specimens are expected from other sources. These skins will be sent by the Bureau of Fisheries to tanners. It is hoped that eventually all fishermen along our coasts may find a regular market for the skins of sharks caught by them.

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Good Current News Articles

E. J. Galek of Moquah, Wis., captured two deer in his barn. He was chopping wood in his field when he saw a large buck and doe approaching. They jumped over his fence and ran into the open door of the barn, seeking to escape. He closed the door and captured them.

With the production of a ton and a half of honey on his farm in the summer of 1916, R. C. Murray, living five miles west of Lawrence, Kan., has completed twenty-five years of successful bee culture. To produce this amount Mr. Murray's bees were busy from early in the summer. Some swarms produced as much as 160 pounds of marketable honey, most of which sold at 12½ cents a pound.

A few years ago elaborate plans were laid in Germany to explore the hitherto inaccessible interior of New Guinea by means of balloons, which were expected to drift over the island in the prevailing winds. The project was much discussed in the magazines and subscriptions were solicited in its behalf, but it was never carried out. It is now reported in the newspapers that Dr. Eric Mjorberg, a Swede, is planning to make use of an aeroplane to explore the interior of New Guinea, and is in the United States investigating the latest improvements in aviation.

Men blushed, women walked out and young people giggled in Grace Methodist Church, Sioux City, Iowa, when in the course of a concert number presented by Morningside College, a Hawaiian girl, clad in picturesque seaweed, sidled out upon the "stage," really the pulpit rostrum, and began an energetic "hula-hula." The Concert Committee explained later that it was all a mistake; that the Lyceum Bureau had "slipped one over" on them by substituting a quartet of South Sea dancers for what was scheduled as an "intellectual interpretation of Hawaiian musical trends."

James Brown, who lives in the suburban district near Atchison, Kansas, has a number of pet squirrels. Aaron Davis, who lives directly across the street, has a few choice walnut trees in his back yard. The squirrels became to be such a pest that he purchased a couple of dogs to guard his crop of walnuts. The dog performed this duty so well that Davis' hopes ran high for a good, full crop. But the squirrels were not cheated out of their usual winter's supply of nuts. The local telephone company has a large wire cable crossing the street at this point. The cable intersperses the boughs of the walnut trees and also the boughs of a tree in Brown's yard, and the squirrels utilize this as a highway, over which they transport the nuts, far above the reach of the dogs.

Grins and Chuckles

"Is your business on a running basis yet?" "I should say so; I always run when I see a creditor coming."

Kind Lady—Poor man! Wouldn't you like a nice chop? The man (suspiciously)—What kind of a chop, lady—meat or wood?

"Please, sir," said the office boy, "me gran'mudder—" "Is dead, is she?" snorted the boss, testily. "No, sir. She wants me to take her to de ball game." He got off.

Colorado Man—Yes, sir, we're going to have great doings out here this fall. This is the centennial year of Pike's Peak. Stranger—Gosh! Ain't Pike's Peak no older'n that?

Mistress—Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in. Jane—Twouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me.

Burke—Yes, Kirke and I had a terrible quarrel. He called me a liar and I called him another, and—Turke—That's funny; it's the first time I ever knew either of you to tell the truth.

Newlywed (proudly)—I always make it a point to tell my wife everything that happens. Old Sport—Pooh! that's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all.

Mrs. Scraggs (viciously)—It seems like a hundred years since we were married. I can't even remember when we first met. Scraggs (wearily)—I can. It was at a dinner party, and there were thirteen at table.

Wife—You were talking in your sleep again last night, dear. Why do you persist in doing it? Husband—Good heavens, a man ought to be allowed to talk sometimes, oughtn't he?

TREACHERY ON AN ENGINE.

By Paul Braddon

When I was employed on the Great Central Road I ran the night express between Kalpa and Queen-grove.

I went to Queen-grove in the afternoon with the day express, and returned at 2:13 in the morning with the fast train.

It was my fireman.

His father had been a rich man; but in one of those seasons of financial trial which have so often come to the business men of our country he had lost all his property, and had become very poor—so poor that he had to take a position as a clerk after he had passed the meridian of life.

The son had been well educated, and when he came on the engine with me he knew more about the theory of the steam engine than I did.

He was versed in chemistry and other sciences, of which I knew very little.

He obtained his place on the line by the influence of his father's friends, when everything else had failed him.

Folger told me, as a sort of apology for being on the locomotive at all, that he only took the place so that he could get in as an engineer.

He said he did not intend to "fire" more than a month or two.

We had been two months in the same cab without any improvement in the situation.

He continued to find fault with me, and to demand why I did not do this and that in his way, and I made no reply to him.

The master mechanic had asked me several times how Folger got along, but thus far I had hoped for better things, and said nothing to his injury.

"Boyd, why don't you pull out that throttle, and let her slide along a little faster?" he asked, one day, in his offensive way.

I made no reply to him.

He was meddling with what did not concern him.

The train was approaching a sharp curve, where it was not prudent to run at the highest speed.

If he had asked me the question in a proper way, and not as a critic, I should have answered him.

"We are three minutes late," added Folger, looking at his gold watch, which he often sported in the faces of his fellow employees.

Still I made no answer.

I kept silent for fear that I might make a rude speech if I said anything.

"Have you a tongue in your head, Boyd?" demanded he, angrily. "When I speak to a man, I expect him to answer me."

"The less said is the sooner mended," was all the reply I made.

To my astonishment and indignation, Folger suddenly sprang to the throttle, unloosened the thumb-

screw, and, before I could prevent him, had pulled the valve out as far as it would go.

I crowded it back as soon as I could get hold of it, though I had to take him by the collar and pitch him over backwards on the coal in the tender before I had the space to get at it.

The train was on a down grade, and the effect of a full head of steam was to make the engine leap ahead like a fiery steed goaded by the sharp spur.

The coupling between the tender and the baggage-car gave way under the sudden jerk, and off darted the locomotive at a furious speed, which was not checked when I crowded in the throttle.

I whistled for "down brakes," and was careful to keep the machine out of the way of the cars in order to avoid a collision.

After going a mile the train was stopped, and I ran back.

I supposed Folger would see that he had made a mistake, and I hoped that he would accept the lesson of his own folly.

He picked himself up, and then, even before the train had been again attached to the engine, he began to bluster at me for throwing him over upon the coal.

He was mad enough to attack me with his fists, but he was rather a puny fellow, and I was big enough to handle him as a child.

"I never had a man lay hands on me before," said he, as I started the train again.

"And I never had a fireman before put his hand on that throttle; and if you do it again I will pitch you out of the cab," I replied, with vigor enough to make myself understood.

"When I speak to a man I expect him to answer me," added Folger, spitefully.

"I won't answer you when you are impudent—when you meddle with what is none of your business."

"I calculate to have something to say about the running of the machine," said he, as though he was my equal in the cab.

I took this occasion to express my mind very freely, and I told him if he meddled with my business, either by word or deed, he and I could no longer run on the same engine.

When I had said all I had to say I was silent.

But I saw that Folger had no idea of discipline, and that he intended to make a row about the affair I have described.

I was willing he should do so, and I was confident that the master mechanic would discharge him as soon as he comprehended the case.

We arrived at Kalpa about ten minutes late, for I had done by best to make up the time lost by the breaking of the coupling.

When we left the engine in the round-house I followed Folger on our way home.

I turned down a street that led to my house, while the fireman continued on his way to his boarding-place in the town.

I had gone but a few steps down the cross street

before I heard voices in the direction Folger had gone.

It was three o'clock in the morning, and I was curious to know who was out at the unseasonable hour.

I stopped and listened.

Folger was one of the speakers, and the other was a drunken man.

Thinking that my assistance might be needed, I ran across the lot till I came within a few feet of the parties.

To my surprise, I found the tipsy reveler was Squire Perry, one of the directors of the road.

He was a man of influence, and I was not aware that he ever drank anything, much less ever went on a spree.

Listeners never hear any good of themselves, and I heard a very bad story about Boyd, who ran the night express.

The squire was too drunk to go home; he said he had been to a champagne supper; he did not want to see his wife in his present condition.

He seated himself on a rock to recover his equilibrium.

He begged Folger not to say anything to anybody; he was never tipsy before in his life; and the story would ruin him.

The fireman promised never to lisp a sound.

The squire promised to have Boyd discharged the next day and Folger appointed in his place as soon as he could see the master mechanic, and I considered my fate as sealed.

It was hard times; I had sickness in my family, and I dreaded the loss of my situation.

I went home, but I did not sleep that night very well.

Was my enemy to triumph over me when he was clearly in the wrong?

I had the squire's secret as well as Folger.

But would my statement to save myself from being discharged stand against those of the director and the fireman?

I felt that the chance of having justice done was very small in the face of such odds.

In the afternoon I went to the round-house; but I expected to have the master mechanic tell me that I was no longer required.

But he did not; and I started with my train at the usual hour.

I concluded that Squire Perry had not yet seen the master mechanic; and that I had only one more day of grace.

Folger said nothing about the affair of the day before, but he behaved as though he was conscious of his advantage; as though he expected to see me overwhelmed in a short time.

Before we had gone a mile on the return trip I was satisfied that Folger had been drinking.

I had not known him to drink anything before while on duty.

He was not what I should call drunk at first: but

during the run I saw him take a pull at a bottle when he went back into the tender for coal.

When we were within ten miles of Kalpa he became very drunk and ugly.

He began to pick upon me, and swore he was to have an engine the next day.

I let him alone till he insisted on running the machine.

He laid his hand on the throttle, and I collared him.

The rum he had drank made him crazy, and before I could disengage him from the handle of the valve he had pulled it out.

The machine began to leap at a furious speed, though none of the couplings gave way, as on the day before.

Folger was a maniac under the influence of the quantity of liquor he had taken, and it was all I could do to handle him.

We were descending the grade which brought us to the river, on the other side of which was Kalpa.

During my struggle with the crazy fireman I calculate that the machine attained a speed of over sixty miles an hour.

I choked Folger, hoping to take away some of his strength; but he had seized a wrench, with which he hit me several hard blows.

I became desperate myself when I realized what a fiend I had to deal with; and finally I succeeded in hurling him from me upon the coal in the tender.

I expected him to spring upon me again, and I dared not take my eye off him for an instant to attend to the machine.

Instead of rushing upon me, as I anticipated, he leaped upon the tank above the brake.

He stood with his arms outspread, and gave a wild, inarticulate yell.

At the same instant, he toppled over backwards, and disappeared from my sight.

When we found him, his body was cut to pieces by the wheels of the cars.

The next day the master mechanic said he was ordered to discharge me, and my place was to have been given to young Folger.

I made no reply, but I called on Squire Perry before I went to my own house.

I told him what had happened, calling him from his bed for the purpose.

Never in my life have I seen a man so terrified; not only by the thrilling story of Folger's death, but by the fear of having his own infirmity exposed.

I went home and went to bed.

When I got up the master mechanic wanted to see me.

My discharge had been revoked, and I ran my trips as usual that day.

It has always seemed to me that a merciful Providence interposed to prevent Folger from being appointed an engineer, as he would have been if he had not got drunk and sacrificed his life in his rum madness.

FROM ALL POINTS

RICH GIRL A NURSE.

Miss Letitia Curtis, owner of valuable oil lands, descendant of a United States Osage chieftain and relative of Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, has given up a life of luxury to help the poor. She is a nurse at St. Mary's Hospital, Kansas City, Mo.

Instead of a luxurious apartment to which she had been used, Miss Curtis rooms with another nurse, both sleeping in one bed. No more dances nor social affairs for her.

"I haven't seen my motor car for a week," said Miss Curtis. "I don't care. I love this new life. It is fine to be doing something. It is better than just spending money and hunting fun."

ELECTRIC STEVEDORES.

Even the lumber dealer has now learned what is already well known in many modern industries, namely, that manual labor is the most expensive form of work; and so he expresses himself by employing electric motors for loading lumber onto motor trucks and wagons.

Out in Newark, N. J., a large lumber dealer finds it economical and expeditious to employ a number of electrically-operated cranes of simple design for loading purposes. The cranes are operated by an electric motor housed in a water-proof casing just below the boom. Standing below the motor box, the operator controls the loading operations by means of two ropes hanging down from the box and terminating in suitable handles. Thus it is possible for one man to handle a number of pieces of lumber at once and in far less time than would be required by several men.

COAL MINES 700 MILES FROM NORTH POLE.

John M. Longyear and Frederick Ayer, of Boston, have sold their seven-eighths stock interest in the Arctic Coal Company to a syndicate headed by the Central Bank of Norway, and including the principal banking and business interests of Norway.

The deal included some minor properties, including ships, but the major properties are the famous Spitzbergen mines, located on the Spitzbergen Islands in the Arctic that lie north of Norway and only about 700 miles from the North Pole. A new company has been formed with a capital of 10,000,000 crowns (\$2,680,000).

The Arctic company's property covered about 170 square miles. Most of the work completed has been of a development nature and the output has not amounted to much more than 200,000 tons. Exploration showed many valuable and extensive veins of semi-bituminous coal, one alone disclosing 100,000,000 tons.

NEW GIANT PITCHER A STAR.

Middleton, the Louisville pitcher who will be a member of the Giants next season, had one of the best records in the American Association, according to the official averages which were announced by that league recently. Middleton won 21 and lost 9 games. An average of only 2.01 earned runs per game were made off his delivery. He struck out 137 batsmen and gave 66 bases on balls. Carter of Indianapolis was the real leader among the pitchers, and he won 15 and lost 4 games. He gave only 1.65 earned runs per game. Palmero, who will be with the Giants again next season, was also with Louisville, and he won 11 and lost 6 games.

Old Roger Bresnahan, manager of the Toledo club, had a perfect catching record for the twelve games in which he played. Beck of Kansas City led the first basemen in fielding and Lewis of Milwaukee and Kansas City led the second basemen. Walsh of Louisville and Milwaukee was the best fielding third baseman and Roach of Louisville led the shortstops. Barney of Louisville, who was formerly with the Yankess, was the first of outfielders in fielding, and James of Louisville led the pitchers in fielding.

Louisville, winner of the American Association pennant, was first in team fielding, with Toledo second and Columbus third.

28,000 PEOPLE KILLED BY WILD ANIMALS.

More than 28,000 people were killed by snakes and wild animals in British India last year, says a report from Simla, India. The government reports show that 1,923 persons were slain by tigers and other beasts, and 26,385 perished through being bitten by reptiles, an increase over the previous year of 3,700 deaths met in this manner. No figures are available for the native states, with their population of some 90,000,000.

During the past five years elephants, tigers and other animals have killed 9,192 people in British India, and of these tigers have claimed a toll of 3,682. In the same period 116,828 persons have died as the result of snake bites.

Last year the highest total of deaths due to animals in any one province was in Bihar and Orissa, where 684 people lost their lives, tigers alone accounting for 376. In the United Provinces one man-eating tiger in the Almora district killed ten persons out of the provincial total of twenty.

In order to effect the destruction of as many wild animals and snakes as possible, the government pays bounties. The number of animals destroyed in 1915 was 25,036, including 1,582 tigers, 6,623 leopards, 2,775 bears and 2,191 wolves. The total number of snakes killed was 184,663.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

PIGS' FEET GAVE THE CLUE.

Fondness for pickled pigs' feet led to the arrest in Kansas City, Kan., of T. Foster, alias Joe Clarke, a negro, who the police say is wanted in McLemoresville, Tenn., in connection with the killing of another negro.

Clarke had just left a restaurant when two detectives entered.

"That boy can eat more pigs' feet than any one I ever saw," said the proprietor.

The detectives remembered receiving a report from McLemoresville saying that Foster's chief peculiarity was his fondness for pickled pigs' feet, and that he boasted of his ability to eat more of them at one meal than any negro in Tennessee.

Foster's arrest immediately followed and, according to the detectives, he admitted the killing, pleading self-defense.

BURNED MUCH OF SHIP TO KEEP GOING.

Showing every indication of her battle with Atlantic weather coming from the Great Lakes, where she was built, the Norwegian freighter Thorjerd got to port through Long Island Sound the other day. Her pilot-house was about the only wood construction left, all else that would burn having been used as fuel.

She left Quebec December 7. From the time she passed out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence she battled with storms and no word of her was received until she got under the lee of Gay Head. There Captain Olsen set signals for a tow.

The freighter's coal supply had given out. Her crew stripped out all wooden partitions, and burned the furniture. She reached Gay Head on the tide, her boilers being cold.

Tugs of the T. A. Scott Company took her to New London, where she coaled.

NEW SWEDISH CANAL OPENED TO TRAFFIC.

The Trolhatta Canal, which was opened recently, forms part of the Gota canal system of Sweden, connecting the Skagerrak at Goteborg with the Baltic at Soderkoping. The value of canals was perceived in Sweden earlier than in any other European country, but, unfortunately, their construction for the most part took place before the introduction of sea-going iron freight steamers, and, according to The Economist, they can accommodate only vessels of very moderate dimensions—the limit of draft on the Gota canal system having been hitherto slightly over 9 feet. But Sweden is now tending to become not only a great exporter of raw materials, but a great manufacturing country, by virtue of the electric power afforded by its waterfalls, of

which Trolhatta stands first, so that improved access from the ocean to its interior ports is becoming more important than ever. For some seven years therefore, work has been in progress on the Gota canal system, and it is to be deepened to 16 feet and correspondingly widened, so that it will take barges, and even sea-going freighters of some size. Factories are expected to spring up along its course and to utilize the electric power of its feeders.

MOVING PICTURES AS TARGETS.

A new device for indoor target practise, a practical and interesting system which makes use of motion pictures as targets, is being exhibited by the Animated Target Company of New York city. In this system the shooter faces moving targets photographed from real life, at various distances, shown in true perspective. A shooter aiming at a 300-yard object, for example, sees the picture as it was actually photographed at 300 yards. The pictures show birds, animals, troops, an individual horseman, or a large number of mounted or dismounted men, and move as if alive. By a simple and ingenious arrangement of electric control between the machinery that projects the moving target and the bullet stop back of it, as soon as the shooter hits the moving object aimed at, the picture stops and the bullet-hole, shown by a light flashing behind it, is seen distinctly. It appears at once exactly where the shot hit and stopped the bird, animal or man in motion. The picture remains at rest long enough for the shot to be recorded, and the shooter to survey it, and realize the value of his shots. The picture then starts moving again, and all the old shot holes instantly disappear; the targets are ready for the next shot. No marking at the butts is required, as all the shots are automatically shown by the holes, and then disappear. The screen on which the pictures appear is of paper, and moves on rollers, there being a second screen of paper, in the rear of the first, which moves and covers the shot holes at the proper time. The bullet stop of steel is divided from top to bottom by horizontal strips, and when hit by a bullet at any point automatically stops the target.

These moving targets are expected to work a revolution in indoor target practise, and certainly arouse the most observing interest not only in the shooter, but in the onlooker. It is safe to say that if they were introduced in armories and elsewhere, no effort would be required to get men present to attend target practise. The task might be to keep them away. Several marksmen from the Army and Navy Journal office tried these targets with other experts, and were greatly impressed with the interesting possibilities of this new device.

TOBACCO HABIT



Easily Conquered in 3 Days

Picture No. 1—Shows how tobacco has nearly wrecked a man's career. He has become nervous, dyspeptic and irritable; he cannot sleep well, has lost his energy and ambition. No. 2—The doctor says: "I'm giving you this medicine but it will do very little good, unless you stop killing yourself with tobacco." No. 3—Still a slave; another collapse. No. 4—Wife reads advertisement of Mr. Woods. No. 5—Writes for Woods' FREE BOOK. No. 6—Being convinced by multitude of proofs, he has ordered remedy which is in box postman is now delivering. No. 7—Has begun to overcome tobacco craving. Already is feeling much better; vigor and ambition returning. No. 8—Surprising improvement; all craving gone, filled with new courage and backed by good health. No. 9—Beginning anew. No. 10—Succeeding in business. No. 11—No trouble to resist temptation of tobacco in any form. No. 12—By clear-headedness, good health and energy, he has now become prosperous.

Would You Like to Quit Tobacco Quickly and Easily and Enjoy Yourself a Thousand Times Better While in Robust Health?

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

Why continue to commit slow suicide when you can live a really contented life, if you only get your body and nerves right? It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to rid oneself of tobacco by suddenly stopping with "will-power"—don't do it. The correct way is to eliminate nicotine poison from the system, and genuinely overcome the craving.

Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, melancholy, lung trouble, impure (poisoned) blood, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders.

Overcome that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco, or snuff.

Here is an opportunity to receive FREE a carefully compiled treatise on the subject, containing interesting and valuable information that you should be glad to learn about. This book tells all about the renowned THREE DAYS' METHOD by which thousands and thousands saved themselves from the life-wrecking tobacco habit. Full particulars, including the book on tobacco and snuff habit, will be mailed FREE TO YOU, in plain wrapper, postpaid. All you need do is merely REQUEST IT. A postcard will do. Address

EDWARD J. WOODS, 228 W, Station E, New York, N. Y.

NOTE.—To those who are injuring their health, making themselves nervous, dyspeptic, etc., by excessive use of cigarettes, cigars, pipe, snuff or chewing tobacco:—here is your opportunity to quickly and easily become your own master.

NAIL PUZZLE.

Made of 2 metal nails linked together. Keeps folks guessing; easy to take them apart when you know how. Directions with every one.

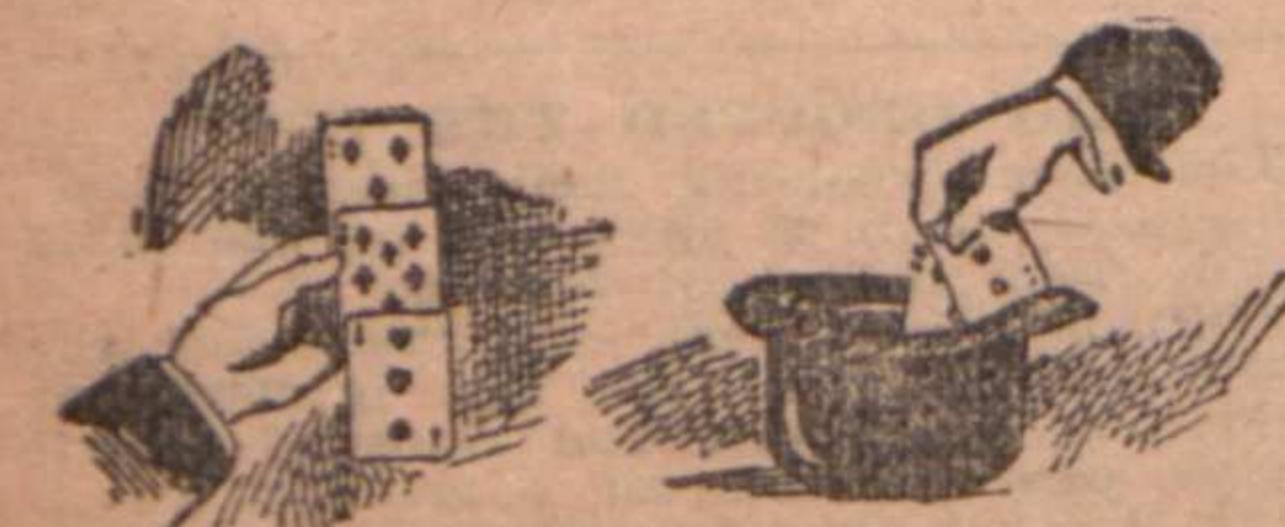
Price, 6c., postpaid.

Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

THE INK BLOT JOKER.

Fool Your Friends.—The greatest novelty of the age! Have a joke which makes everybody laugh. More fun than any other novelty that has been shown in years. Place it on a desk, tablecloth, or any piece of furniture, as shown in the above cut, near some valuable papers, or on fine wearing apparel. Watch the result! Oh, Gee! Price, 15c. each, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



THE DEVIL'S CARD TRICK.—From three cards held in the hand anyone is asked to mentally select one. All three cards are placed in a hat and the performer removes first the two that the audience did not select and passing the hat to them their card has mysteriously vanished. A great climax; highly recommended.

Price, 10c.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.



HAPPY HOOLIGAN JOKER.

With this joker in the lapel of your coat, you can make a dead shot every time. Complete with rubber ball and tubing. Price, 15c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. Lang,
1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.



LAUGHABLE EGG TRICK.

This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any, he calls his assistant, taps him on top of the head, he gags, and an egg comes out of his mouth. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once you know how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.

H. F. Lang, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

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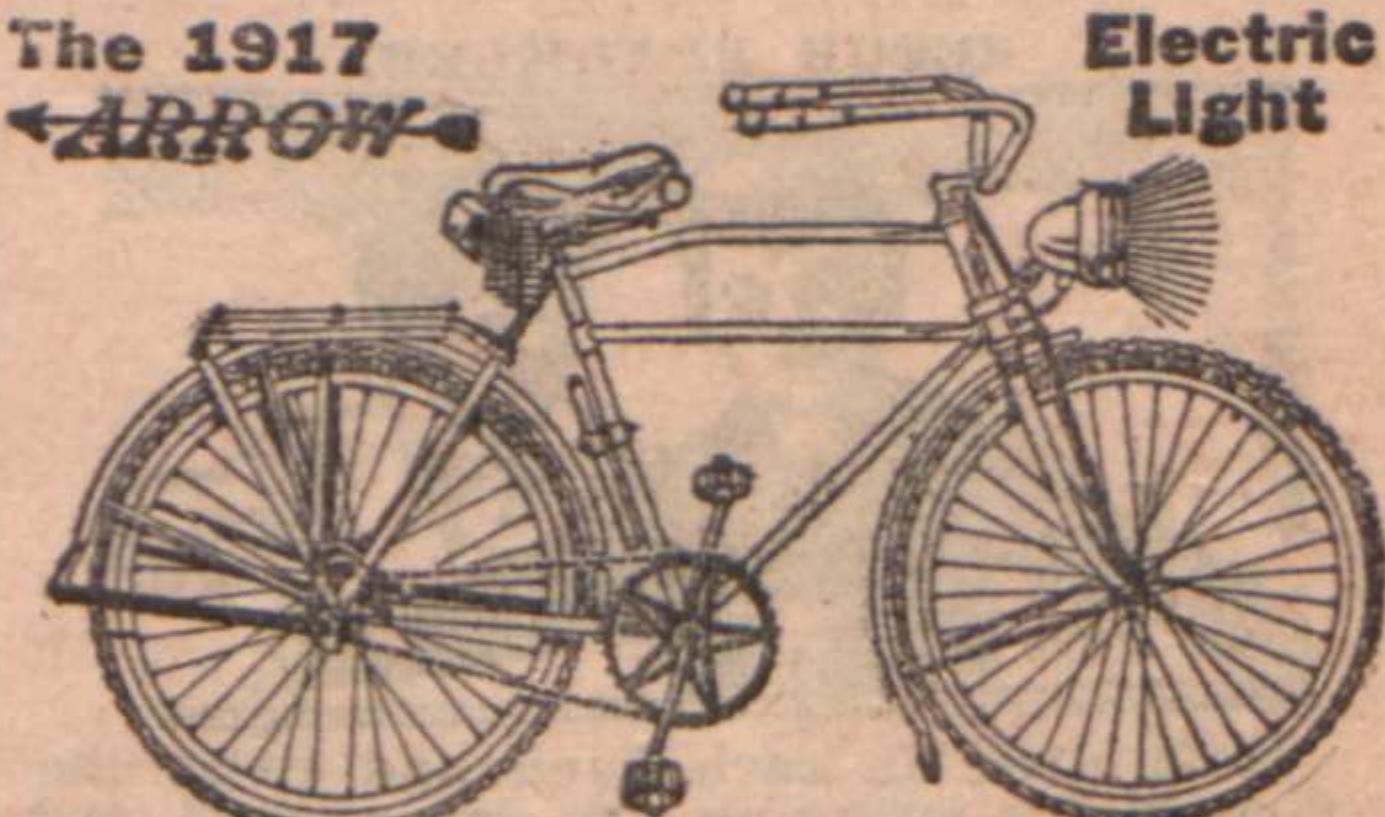
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New and amusing joke. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. These not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 3 for 25c.

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FUNNY KISSING GAME.

These cards, from No. 1 to No. 16, run in rotation, but must be mixed and dealt, a white one for a boy and a red one for a girl. They are then read alternately, and the questions and answers make funny combinations. The right lady is rewarded with a kiss. A very funny game. Price, five cents a pack by mail.

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THE PRIZE FORD JOKE.

Looks like a story-book, but it contains a cap and a trigger. The moment your innocent friend opens the book to read the interesting story he expects—Pop! Bang! The explosion is harmless, but will make him think the Germans are after him.

Price 25 cents each by mail, postpaid.

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MAGIC PENCILS.



The working of this trick is very easy, most startling and mystifying. Give the case and three pencils to any one in your audience with instructions to place any pencil in the case point upward and to close case and put the remaining two pencils in his pocket. You now take the case with the pencil in it and can tell what color it is. Directions how to work the trick with each set.

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Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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Hold discs in each hand and twist the strings by swinging the toy around and around about 30 times. Then move the hands apart, pulling on the discs and causing the strings to untwist. This will rotate the wheel and cause the sparks to fly. The continued rotation of the wheel will again twist the strings. When this twisting commences slacken the strings slightly until they are full twisted, then pull.

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False-faces beaten a mile! There are 7 in a set and represent an Indian, a Japanese girl, a clown, Foxy Grandpa, an English Johnny Atkins and an Automobilist. Beautifully lithographed in handsome colors on a durable quality of cardboard. They have eyeholes and string perforations. Price, 6c. each, or the full set of 7 for 25c., postpaid.

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Just out and one of the most fascinating puzzles on the market. The stunt is to separate the antlers and rejoin them. It looks easy, but try it and you will admit that it is without exception the best puzzle you have ever seen. You can't leave it alone. Made of silvered metal. Price, 12c.; 3 for 30., sent by mail, postpaid.

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This is the prettiest and daintiest little article that we have ever seen. It consists of a miniature French shoe only 1 1/4 inches in length, to which is attached a perfect and thoroughly reliable thermometer. They are made in Paris by skilled workmen, and the workmanship in every detail is simply perfect.

Ladies sometimes use them to attach to embroidery work, and nothing could be more suitable to present to a lady friend as a momento. Besides being a practical thermometer it is a perfect work of art. Price, 5c. for 25c. postpaid.

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RUBBER SUCKER.



Rubber Vacuum Suckers

The latest novelty out! Dishes and plates will stick to the table, cups to the saucers like glue. Put one under a glass and then try to lift it. You can't. Lots of fun. Always put it on a smooth surface and wet the rubber. Many other tricks can be accomplished with this novelty.

Price 12 cts. each by mail, postpaid.

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THE CANADIAN WONDER CARD TRICK.

Astonishing, wonderful, and perplexing! Have you seen them? Any child can work them, and yet, what they do is so amusing that the sharpest people on earth are fooled. We cannot tell you what they do, or others would get next and spoil the fun. Just get a set and read the directions. The results will startle your friends and utterly mystify them. A genuine good thing if you wish to have no end of amusement.

Price by mail, 10c.

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MINIATURE COMPASS CHARM.

A beautiful charm, to be worn on the watch chain. It consists of a true and perfect compass, to which is attached, by a pivot, a powerful magnifying glass.

When not in use the magnifying glass fits closely inside the compass and is not seen. The compass is protected by a glass crystal, and is handsomely silver-nickel plated and burnished, presenting a very attractive appearance. Here you have a reliable compass, a powerful magnifying glass, and a handsome charm, all in one. It is a Parisian novelty, entirely new. Price 25c. by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

A PECK OF TROUBLE.

7	5	3	
4	3	4	7
8	9	8	8
7	4	7	8

One of the hardest puzzles ever invented. Mix blocks well; then move squares without removing the box, so that every line of figures, up and down and across, and the two diagonals, will each add up 23. The blank space may be left in either of the four corners.

Price 10 cts. each by mail, postpaid.

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Two keys interlocked in such a manner it seems impossible to separate them, but when learned it is easily done. Price, 6c., postpaid.

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In each set there are ten pins and two bowling balls, packed in a beautifully ornamented box. With one of these miniature sets you can play ten-pins on your dining-room table just as well as the game can be played in a regular alley. Every game known to professional bowlers can be worked with these pins. Price, 10c. per box by mail, postpaid.

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This is the latest novelty out. The mouse is of a very natural appearance. When placed upon a mirror, wall, window or any other smooth surface, it will creep slowly downward without leaving the perpendicular surface. It is furnished with an adhesive gum-roll underneath which makes it stick. Very amusing to both young and old. Price, ten cents by mail.

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This one is a coker! Get a box right away, if you want to have a barrel of joy. Here's the secret: It looks like an ordinary red box of Turkish cigarettes. But it contains a trigger, under which you place a paper cap. Offer your friend a smoke and he raises the lid of the box. That explodes the cap, and if you are wise you will get out of sight with the box before he gets over thinking he was shot. Price 15c., postpaid.

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This toy is an exact imitation of the friendly little fellow who shares your bed, eats out of your hand or leg and who accepts your humble hospitality even without an invitation. The fact that he also insists on introducing all his friends and family circle, sometimes makes him most unpopular with the ladies; most every woman you know would have seven kinds of fits if she saw two, or even one, of these imitations on her bedspread. Six are contained in a transparent envelope. Price, 10c. by mail.

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BINGO.

It is a little metal box. It looks very innocent, but is supplied with an ingenious mechanism which shoots off a harmless cap when it is opened. You can have more fun than a circus with this new trick. Place the BINGO in or under any other article and it will go off when the article is opened or removed. It can be used as a funny joke by being placed in a purse, cigarette box, or between the leaves of a magazine; also, under any movable article, such as a book, tray, dish, etc. The BINGO can also be used as a burglar alarm, as a theft preventer by being placed in a drawer, money till, or under a door or window or under any article that would be moved or disturbed should a theft be attempted. Price, 15c. each by mail, postpaid.

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Every boy who wants a whip-lash, pair of reins, or any other knitted article of similar kind should have a Knitter. Anybody can work it. The most beautiful designs can be made by using colored worsteds with this handy little object. It is handsomely lacquered, strongly made, and the wires are very durable. Price, 10c. each, by mail, postpaid.

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The most screaming comic catch of modern times. Drop it anywhere on the table or the floor and await results.

The shell is a real egg shell, but the white and yolk of the egg is made of wax. The exact size and color of a real broken egg. No one for a moment would think it other than an ordinary hen's egg, carelessly dropped on the floor. After receiving a good scolding for your carelessness, pick it up and tell your parents not to fry or scramble it for your breakfast, as you wish to keep it for further use. Price 10c.; 3 for 25, mailed postpaid.

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